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THE SUNYASSEE,

AN

EASTERN TALE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES HUTCHINSON, Esq.

PRESIDENCY SURGEON, AND SECRETARY
TO THE MEDICAL BOARD
OF BENGAL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

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10

THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE.

MY DISTANT FRIENDS!

THE FOLLOWING POEMS WERE WRITTEN, WITH THE HOPES OF
DOING CREDIT TO MYSELF, AND CONSEQUENTLY TO YOU; TO WHOM
THEN, COULD I DEDICATE THEM, WITH SO MUCH PROPRIETY?

SHOULD THESE ASPIRATIONS BE, IN ANY WISE, REALISED, WILL
YOU REMEMBER? AND SHOULD THEY NOT, WILL YOU FORGET, THAT,

I AM,

OR WAS,

YOUR COUNTRYMAN?



PREFACE.

AN uninterrupted residence, of nearly seventeen years, in India, and latterly too assiduous attention to business, fortunately or unfortunately, as the public award may ultimately determine, drove me from its shores, to seek renewed health, in the more genial climate of the Cape of Good Hope.

A few of the leisure hours, which this change of life placed, at my disposal, I have devoted to the composition of the Sunyassee. The historical sketch, embodied in the Poem, is strictly

in accordance, with what are considered the most authentic records of the times, and I have the opinion of a very competent person, for believing, that the plan of the Poem is natural, with reference to that portion of India, in which the scene is laid; and that the transition of an impetuous young man, from an unfortunate lover, to a warrior, a free-booter, and an ascetic, is in accordance with the contingencies of fortune, in the East.

The scenery, which I have sketched, has almost in every instance been described, from my own observation; and from what I know of the manners of the people, I do not think, that the Poem is, in any way, calculated to convey an incorrect idea of them, to the reader of the Western world.

The minor poems were principally written, at prior periods ; and two or three of them have appeared, in the Annuals published in Calcutta.

Dun-ghye Park,
Cape of Good Hope,
Nov. 1st, 1837.



CONTENTS.

THE SUNYASSEE.

CANTO FIRST,	1
CANTO SECOND,	35
CANTO THIRD,	73
NOTES TO CANTO I.	109
NOTES TO CANTO II.	135
NOTES TO CANTO III.	161

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

STANZAS,	193
ELEGIAC STANZAS,	198
LAMENT FOR LORD BYRON,	201
TO LEILAH,	205
HERO AND LEANDER,	209
SONNET TO NEWLANDS,	212
MOONLIGHT SCENE,	213
TRANSLATION FROM HAFIZ,	215
DITTO DITTO,	222
STANZAS,	227
SONG,	232
NOTES,	235





THE

S U N Y A S S E E.

CANTO FIRST.

THE
S U N Y A S S E E.

CANTO FIRST.

'Tis something, in the dearth of bliss,
To dream, at least, of what hath been ;
That lovely resting-place, between
Our infant woes, and the abyss
Of those, that wait our riper years ;
Till they deny the bliss of tears ;
When first the mutual pledge is given,
And heart to heart, and eye to eye,
Respond in sweetest sympathy,
Of love on earth ;—of love in heaven.

I.

SLOW sinks the sun, and as he fades away,
He casts a parting smile, on all below,
Bursts thro' the clouds, in streams of radiant glow,
Nature's own halo, round her God of day ;

While thro' the west, the dappl'd sombre grey
To golden sands is burnished, as they flow ;
And many a fairy isle may fancy show,
Washed by its tranquil tide, in lake and bay ;
But grieved to leave, he darkens in his ire,
Yet veils it, in his lovely rainbow train ;
Hangs on the verge, a dusky globe of fire,
And nature all is hushed, in mourning—when
He sinks beneath, and bids the day expire,
And night, in twilight hues, resumes her reign.

II.

Go, seize that hour, to view on nature's page,
The far-sought home of India's Pilgrimage,
The sacred Gyah, where the holy Shrad'h
Hath power to make the parted spirit glad',
To lull our kindred, in their final rest,
And blend their *Manes*, with th' already blest².

Behold ! the plain extend, an open waste,
The knolls rough-scattered, as in nature's haste.
More near,—the city slumbering on its height,
Warm in the rays of day's expiring light ;
The spires with foliage ~~pl~~ent of richest dyes,
The white walls glist'ning, o'er the housetops, rise,
And higher yet, Ramgyah's lonely hill,
Crowned with its gorgeous tree, more lonely still³,
The fairy scene o'ertopping with its boughs,
Like diadem, on matchless beauty's brows ;
While vengeful Doorgah, throned on either hand,
From mountain shrines, beholds her cherish'd land⁴,
Her hundred pennons flung abroad, and given,
In every hue, to woo the breath of heaven⁵ ;
Behind—Myheer's far distant hills are roll'd,
Their summits glowing, in their tints of gold ;
Approach more near—the Fulgo sweeps along
His world of waters, beautiful as strong.

Lo ! where he comes, on the horizon's verge,
The half-hid groves scarce, o'er his wave, emerge⁶ ;
His sloping banks with fruitful promise bend,
And distant crags their wilder grandeur lend.

III.

Such is my own, my native vale,
And oh ! believe, I loved it well,
But never more, shall foot of mine
Leave impress, on its sacred soil,
Or stand unshod, before the shrine,
Of that famed Princess' costly pile⁷,
Where Vishnoo, as our Ved'hs attest⁸,
Stamps on the giant-demon's breast ;
Such thought, thou see'st, is idle now,
For death is marked, upon my brow ;
But were his threats and terrors vain,
I dare not venture there again ;

I need it not,—each nook and glen
Is as familiar to my ken ;
Though ten long years have passed away,
As I had left them yesterday ;
And once, they were thrice dear to me,
And dear to me they would be still,
But for that fatal memory,
That rises oft, against my will,
And will not, with my wish, depart
It hath such mastery o'er my heart.
Yes ! I have eaten of thy salt,
Kind stranger ! and I will unfold
To thee my tale ; tho' every fault,
And crime must there be shown, and told.

IV.

I then had little clerkly lore ;
For I was of the warrior caste⁹,

And never wished to have been more,
But for her sake ;—but that is past.

I say, I was a soldier born,
And I was one, in thought and deed,
And in the heyday of our morn,
We lightly reck of caste, and creed ;
But view the wreck, that's left to tell
This fearful tale of guilt and hell,
Then think of her, I lov'd,
The beautiful—the undefiled—
A Parent's hope—a Brahmin's child¹⁰,
And thou wilt learn, my crime hath proved
The cause of fate as wild.

V.

Thou knowest, it is a deadly sin,
For those, who hold the Hindoo creed,
To love or wed, except within
The pale of caste, which is their meed :

Such sin was mine, and mine such blame,
I saw but her, nor thought of shame ;
Yet sometimes, I have tried in vain,
To think less harshly of my guilt,
No blood of mine flowed, in her veins,
No blood of hers, by me was spilt,
'Tis idle all—she heard my vow,
She trusted,—and where is she now ?

VI.

I was an idle stripling then,
With scarce a down, on lip or chin,
But smooth of face, and strong of hand,
With arm well fitted for the brand ;
With free, and well expanded chest,
That tapered to my slender waist,
And limb as straight, and fleet, as ere,
Yet bore a hardy mountaineer !¹¹

Such was the outward tenement,
To the undying spirit lent,
And that was soft, yet proud and shy,
And ye might trace it to my eye ;
'Tho' not one furrow marked my brow,
Of all, that there, thou see'st now ;
But these are foolish things, which yet
We cannot ;—if we would, forget.

VII.

'Twas summer, and the drought was high,
The Fulgo's bed was bare, and dry¹²,
And oft I'd seek the neighbouring bank
Still fresh, and green, of a lone tank,
Where Palm, and Tamarind mingling made,
From noontide heats, a grateful shade ;
There rose, with feathery leaf, the Date,
The Banian, with its sylvan hall,

And graceful Betel, high o'er all,
Till scarce a ray could penetrate¹³ ;
All these, in wildest order classed,
Around the margin of the lake,
The tangled, and umbrageous brake
Seemed framework of some mirror vast,
Hiding it, from each vulgar guest,
Till not a ripple stirred its breast,
And in its depths, with imaged glow,
Th' inverted picture smiled below.

VIII.

'Twas there, I loved to muse an hour,
And watch the damsels sport, and cower,
Amid the cool, and lucid tide,
That softened, what it could not hide,
The blushing charms, that half revealed,
Their clinging drapery ill concealed ;

And there, I saw my Lilloo first,
A day both blessed, and accurst,
Amid them all, she had no peer,
From rival, she had nought to fear ;
In all the charms of youth she stood,
Just budding into womanhood—

Her stately form, I marked her well,
Was graceful as the Cypress tree ;
But moulded with voluptuous swell,
As far beyond the sculptor's skill,
As God's best gift to man should be.

IX.

Like Gunga, rising from the wave,
Or Rhemba, from her ocean cave¹⁴,
With diamond dew-drops spangled o'er,
Tired of the bath, she sought the shore—
She wrung the moisture, from her hair,

That down her back, in ringlets, fell,

Hiding her shoulders, like a veil,

Then spread it, to the sunny air ;

The Saree's graceful folds put on,

And soon her simple toilet done¹⁵,

She placed her pitcher, on her head—

Her milk-white robe she closer drew,

Around her face ; then with a tread,

So light, so buoyant, and so true,

Might wake, in courtly dames, a sigh,

I saw her homeward hie !—¹⁶

X.

I watched her, almost day by day,

And when, by chance, the passing breeze,

That woke the leaves, upon the trees,

A moment, tossed her veil away,

I saw her face, surpassing fair,

The tresses of her raven hair ;
I saw her large black eye !
A something in it seemed to say,
Not that I should not vainly sigh ;
But that she felt compassionate,
And took an interest, in my fate ;
I longed to speak, and strove to tell
Of mounting thoughts, I could not quell ;
Of hopes, that like the Lotus bud,
Lay darkling yet, beneath the flood ;
But strange, all utterance was denied,
As rapt, I stood the maid beside,
Looking my wishes silently,
But weak, as helpless infancy,
From the excess of passion's thrill,
That checked my words, against my will.
At length the spell, that held me, broke,
And I in faltering accents spoke,

I scarce knew what ; but breath'd my pain,
And found,—I was beloved again !
Perhaps, I may not tell it right,
But this believe, nor deem it light,
Mine was the fault, howe'er it seem,
For she was pure, as Ganges' stream,
Ere it hath burst, from the Gowmookh¹⁷,
A stainless, snow-fed, mountain brook.

XI.

We met in secret, night by night,
And ye may fancy the delight,
 I felt, to be with her alone,
Without an eye, to mark or tell,
 The what it had, or had not known,
The how, or where, that it befell.
Such joy was mine, by the Moon's light,
 And in these lands, they have such moons,

So clear, so beautiful, and bright,
They look, like sisters of their suns ;
If this were joy, oh ! fancy then,
What I have felt, and still must feel,
When I recall that dreamoagain,
The wretched can alone reveal ;
When first, I clasped her to my breast,
When first, her lip to mine was prest ;
I questioned not, nor sought to speak,
I felt the burning of her cheek,
As on my neck, her head she hung,
As her heart's throb replied to mine,
While round her form, my arms were flung,
And hers, around my neck, did twine :
Once, such things were ; but they are past,
How could those maddening moments last ?
But lingering, latest to forsake,
Their memory, in my heart, is traced,

And now, the mirror first must break,
Before that image be effaced.

XII.

A joy, indeed, well worthy heaven,
Is the first kiss, by first love, given ;
Life hath nought sweeter to bestow,
So pure, so gentle, and refined,
No rapture, that the heart can know,
And yet, it leaves no sting behind ;
Compared to ecstasy like this,
How, more than poor, is vulgar bliss ;
But there is that, within the heart,
And there, we seem to be accurst,
That preys, and gnaws, nor will depart,
Till it hath known the best, or worst ;
And in our passion, and our pride,
When she, we love, is by our side,
We lightly reck what may betide.

In such an hour ; though thou mayst smile,
And deem, that I could ne'er beguile,
I sat with her, beneath a light,
That seemed to chide the gloom of night,
Shedding its beams, in silvery shower,
That, o'er the heart, had secret power,
And though unskilled, with hope to please,
I sang to her such notes, as these.

Song.

Ah ! sure this hour was made for love ;
While other hours are but to live ;
The Goddess of yon Orb above¹³,
She knows our hearts, and will forgive.
From bough to bough, with devious flight,
Yon insect sparkles, as it flies ;
What is its flitting, fitful, light,
To that, which speaks, in thy black eyes ?

Though sweet the Jasmine's rich perfume,
Though sweet the dews, the wild bees sip,
Though sweet the new-blown rose's bloom ;
What are they, to thy sweeter lip ?

As, from the dusky shades of night,
Yon glorious Moon seems doubly fair,
Even so, thy beauteous face of light
Seems fairer, from thy raven hair.

Say ! why this sad, though witching grace ?
What sorrow clouds thy lovely breast ?
Oh ! turn to me that angel face,
And I will kiss thee, into rest.

Dry up, my Love ! the precious tears,
That dim those beauteous eye of thine ;

Oh ! cease to form these idle fears,
Or thou wilt break this heart of mine.

In other lands, these lights will shine,
As fleet, this moonlight⁶ hour will glide ;
When I am thine, and thou art mine,
Then, what were all the world beside ?

XIII.

But why conceal ; each dell, and grove
Was witness to our midnight love ;
And many a lovely spot is there,
Down, by th' Atchaibut's sainted shrine¹⁹ ;
Or where Bhurmjouin, high in air,
Its temple rears, the sacred sign
Of our new birth²⁰ ; the promise given ;
Whereby, the twice-born hope for Heaven ;

Or, by Ramsillah's wooded hill²¹,
Or, by Ramgyah's lonely tree,
Or, where the Fulgo's waters swell,
When he holds his yearly jubilee²².—

XIV.

That time is now ;—the rains, from Heaven,
Descend ;—his waters proudly flow,
With force, and speed, like arrow driven,
By manhood's strength, from bended bow.
Thou see'st yon small, and rocky isle,
Near the Ramsillah's base,
So fresh, and green, it seems to smile,
As, in mid-stream, it lies :—
Aye ! once indeed, it might have smiled,
It held my Lilloo's home,
And still her father calls his child ;
She comes not,—cannot come !

The moss-grown temple, mid the trees,
The shrine, at which her parent prays,
The hut, in which she dwelt, are there ;
But where is she ?—oh ! where, oh ! where ?

†

XV.

We met, as we had done before,
I rowed her to, and from the shore ;
Until that fatal night,—that night,
When moon, and stars withheld their light,
That night of darkness,—dark indeed,
Aye, dark even, as the grave,
That night, I saw the cursed deed,
And saw,—and could not save.

XVI.

'Twas midnight, and the stream its course,
Pursued with more, than wonted force,

Boiling in eddies, here and there,
That downward sucked the drifting wrack,
And shrieking, as if fiends of air,
To aid its will, were at its back ;
'Twas then, my skiff approached the land,
Behind a rock, her father stood !
Just as it grated, on the strand,
He hurled her, in the roaring flood.
“ Now go,” said he, “ and take thy fill,
“ Aye go, and stroll with her, at will ;
“ For impious love, the fittest bed
“ Is secret dwelling, with the dead.
“ What craven ! I had thought thee brave,
“ And fear'st thou then, to share her grave ?”
I heard no more ; I plunged in,
I followed, and I searched in vain ;
Yet once, I saw a speck of white,
Or thought so, by that doubtful light,

And once, oh God ! I heard my name,
But, in such accents of despair,
As tenderness were mixed with blame,
They still are ringing, in my ear ;
No ! not to save, from years of pain
Would I those wild shrieks hear again.

XVII.

Worn, and unfit to struggle more,
'Tis all I know, I reached the shore,
I followed, by the river's side ;
With Lilloo's name, I rent the air ;
I listened, but no voice replied,
An echo mocked, at my despair.
I heard the Jackal's piercing cry,
'Twas plaintive, as my own, and yet²³
I hated it, I scarce knew why ;
I thought of what might be her fate,

And shuddered, and his lust of gore
Seemed then, more hideous, than before !
What ? though to glut his fierce desire,
Were but to rob the stream or pyre²⁴ ;
The thought, that she had ceased to breathe,
 Had, in it, agony and death ;
And so, I followed on, untired,
Though scarce a ray of hope inspired.

XVIII.

Oh ! how I longed, for morning's light,
To banish the dark clouds of night ;
I had small thought, if it might wake
All nature, fresh delight to take,
Bright'ning the mountain tops, and vales,
Bearing their fragrance, on its gales,
Bidding the bird, on wanton wing,
Its sweet, and cheerful carol sing,

The flower unfold its bosom fair,
And give it, to the sunny air.
Such thoughts are of the heart's sunshine,
And had no place or home, in mine ;
I thought but of it, as a thing,
That some relief, from doubt, might bring.
It came at last ; I gazed around,
But not a gleam of solace found ;
The stream told nothing, and the shore
Left all uncertain, as before ;—
I struggled on, and sought to cope,
With failing strength, and failing hope ;
With faltering steps, my path pursued ;
But still, in purpose, unsubdued.

XIX.

At last, the sun set ;—and with him,
The ray, that cheered my heart, grew dim ;

Just then, I reached a barren place,
An almost herbless waste of sand,
But strewed instead, with many a trace
Of drift, and wrack, along the strand;
And farther on, with murky glare,
I saw the red flames climb the air,
And high, their flickering columns throw,
And figures moving, to and fro,
Dark, and of more than common height,
That seemed to aid their savage might—
More near—a single tree there grew,
Or blighted stood, that high in air,
Its leafless branches threw,
The raven, and the vulture there,
Sat perched, upon one bough;
The huge crane too; while down below,
The jackal, and the wild dog wait²⁵
With watchful eye, and suppliant gait.

XX.

'Twas then, my spirit sank, and fell ;
 Soon, as I saw that fatal fire,
That twilight blaze, I knew it well,
 It was a Hindoo's funeral pyre ;
 But whose, I was afraid to ask ;
For so my heart foreboded woe ;
 At last, I ventured, on the task,
And heard, what most I feared to know.
They said, the corpse the river bore,
And cast it, on that lonely shore,
 And, that it wore the female form,
Youthful, and lovely, even in death,
 Without a trace of pain or harm,
To mark, how it had ceased to breathe ;
And more, that in its gentle hand,
It still held fast a flowery band ;
And sure such garland I had given
Of all the fairest flowrets woven ;

The Bel and Genda's mingled bloom,
The Champa, with its rich perfume²⁶;
Such living gems, as feast the eye,
Or wake in Beauty's breast the sigh,
Or silent speed the tender tale
To hearts that know its language well.
Ah ! little thought I, on that night,
The gift in sportive mood I gave,
That pledge of love, ere morning's light
 Would wither o'er her grave ;
And she whose heart's impassioned strife
Roll'd doubly warm the tide of life ;
That fairest form of mortal birth
Lie colder, than its parent earth.

XXI.

They said, that for some silly dream,
 Or to fulfil some augury,

That they had sought the flooded stream,

And finding there, a corpse left dry,

Without a friend, or kindred ties,

They had performed its obsequies.

I gazed a moment, on the pile,

All ! all ! was o'er—the flame was low,

But still the quivering embers glow ;

I thought me of the lone green isle,

Then turned away, and wept,

As to the fountains of the eyes,

The hearts own tear-drops seemed to rise,

And still, out-pouring kept.

Her ashes, all that now remained,

Of her I loved, I gathered there,

And mingled them, with spices rare,

And with my tears that rained ;

Then gave them to the passing stream,

And I have mourned her—ah ! too well,

As many a lonely hour can tell,
Since that, too fatal, dream.

XXII.

Broken in heart, and worn with pain,
I sought my former haunts again ;
But with a hope—a foolish dream—
That Time would soothe the grief I bore,
Or blanch in his oblivious stream,
The fatal blight, it fixed the more.
Cursed with a spirit, proud and shy,
I had few friends, might vex or bless ;
I had enough, nor sought to try ;
If I might make them, more or less ;
For my own mind, with dreams was rife,
And airy forms, of mimic life,
And sought companionship from none,
But mused on times, and tales by-gone ;

Still I could see, that of the few,
I had, the number still less grew ;
While some became more cold, and shy,
As if there were some mystery,
Some guilt or shame, they knew not what ;
Nor cared,—so they had cause for hate,
Or sought to have,—which is the same ;
I scorned them, nor would undeceive ;
What could the foolish men believe,
That I would link my Lilloo's name,
For their regards, with scorn or blame ?
'Tis true, I panted to avenge
Her cruel, and untimely fate,
But I could trust to my revenge,
That day should come, or soon or late.—
Their follies I could laugh to scorn ;
But vainly sought to find relief,
For my own heart, that inly torn,

Bled, o'er its first, and deepest grief;
Each scene, I saw, recalled the past,
And that, the one, which was her last;
Though foes might, well, have pitied me,
From friends, I met but calumny;
I left the place, but inly swore,
That I would visit it, once more.

THE
S U N Y A S S E E.

CANTO SECOND.

THE
S U N Y A S S E E.

CANTO SECOND.

The sword, that decks a freeman's thigh,
Is noblest badge, that he can wear ;
Let those who dread its edge beware,
When bared, for land and liberty ;
Still cherished be the patriot's name,
Still worshipped be his deathless fame ;
But oh ! if rapine stain the brand,
The brightest laurels soon will fade ;
Yet, ever should the warrior's blade
Be drawn, at once, with heart, and hand.

I.

I SCORNED them then ! my haughty heart
Could well, with their unkindness cope ;
And still that sweet delusion, hope,
Though fading, would not all depart.

And these were stirring times, for men,

Who knew the art, to wield a blade,

And trust me, such will come again ;

Though I ere then, be lowly laid.

Oh ! I forgot my altered state,

Dreaming of times, when all elate,

And youthful blood was mantling warm,

I sought to test a stripling's arm.

What ? shall this great, and glorious land

Be always swayed, by foreign hand,

And shall her sons, for ever yield,

To crouch, beneath a stranger's shield ?

No ! let a fitting leader rise,

To toss our war-cry to the skies ;

Then shall each horseman mount his steed,

And arm him, in that hour of need ;

Each soldier take his sword, and shield,

And hurry to the battle field !

Where are our kings, whose flags unfurled,
Their banded nations shook the world ?
Where are our nobles, whose commands
Were like the realms of other lands ?
Where are those times, when men might own
No check or limit, but the throne ?

Shall India's sons, with souls of fire,
Be vassals still, from sire to sire ;
Or what is worse, the slaves of those,
Would lull them, in a dull repose ;
And daring hearts, that owned no rule,
Be tamed at last, by prayer and school ?
It may not be,—the time will come,
When we shall drive these traders home,
And, if I mourn this failing clay,
'Tis, that I may not see that day.

II.

I took my sabre, in my hand,
My good shield, at my back, was slung¹,

My turban red, in many a band,
And twist, was round my temples wrung;
I girt my loins, and took my way²,
Small cause had I, to grieve to part,
And less to dread, from Gobber fray,
My purse was lighter, than my heart;
And well it might, as pausing then,
I turned me oft to look again;
I watch'd each temple slowly fade,
Each hill assume a fainter shade,
Till lost in distance, far behind,
The last flag fluttered in the wind.
But my good arm was stout and strong,
No fear was left me now of death,
And for the right,—perhaps the wrong,
I thus might traffic, with my breath,
For what, I valued then,—a name,—
And little deemed the noble aim
Might end, in little less, than shame.

The time seemed fit : for still, there stood
Some remnants of our princely blood ;
And still, my country's banners waved,
Though she herself was half enslaved ;
And in my pride, I thought to try
My maiden blade, in cause so high.

III.

That Hydra vast, the English power,
Was then, but in its infancy,
But some could see in gifted hour,
Wide, and more wide, its shadow lour,
Like that of some vast Upas tree ;
Or when presaging doom and woe
To mightiest states, and realms below,
Amid high Heaven, with mantle dun,
The demon Rahoo veils the sun³.

Already Tippoo overthrown⁴,
What state, with them, could cope, alone ?

Moslem he was !—yet he did well,
Even, in the threshold, where he fell,
Of his own fort, and capital ;
Even as Rajpoot might wish to fall,
So fell he, and when some low hind,
That should have stooped, his wounds to bind,
Would strip the Baldrick, from his side,
All crimsoned, with life's purple tide,
With dying hand, he seized his glaive,
And meet reward he dealt the slave,
Or sought to deal, for he was low,
And weak the arm, that sped the blow.

That gallant act hath cost his life ;
A bullet closed th' unequal strife ;
And there, mid heaps of slain, he lay,
Till life, and rule had passed away,
And foreign standards floated o'er
Each bastion, battlement and tower !

Yes ! I will all forget his creed⁵,
Even, for that last, and bravest deed ;
His hatred of the English name,
And for my failing country's fame.
Oh ! that her chiefs had, but, foreseen
The tide of change, that since hath been ;
Then had they scorned the policy,
In hour of need, that spurned his call ;
Aye ! cursed the sordid jealousy,
That sought to profit, by his fall.

IV.

Next sank the Peishwa's vaunted sway,
Through British craft, and civil strife⁶ ;
He fancied,—woe betide the day,
A realm might stand, without its life,
Strong, willing, native hearts, and hands,
To point the gun, or wield their brands,

And trusted, as a traitor might,
His realm's defence to its worst foes ;
And fatal, as the deadliest blight,
Soon proved the craven course, he chose.

V.

Our chieftains saw the peril nigh,
And armed them, for the coming fight.
Scindiah and Bhonslah was the cry^r
Of those, who knew the mystery ;
But all, as yet, was veiled in night ;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and then,
They met their enemies, like men,
Who combat, for their country's cause,
The monarch's rights—the people's laws.
For these, of old, our fathers bled ;
Aye bled in field, if aught were wrong :
And was the ancient spirit dead ?
Or did their children sue the strong,

With their kind aid to interpose,
And mock them with a slave's repose?
But what, except the tale, survives,
That such things were—our chiefs in vain
Essay'd to burst the galling chain,
That coiled around them, as the snake,
Nursed in the deadly forest brake,
Clings closer, as its victim strives;
Vain was the effort, vain the hope,
As well might they have tried to cope
With fate,—as Wellesley or Lake.
They quail'd at length, and sued to live,
And found such peace as conquerors give;
And yet, had Holkar's arm been joined,
A fairer wreath we might have twined⁸;
But mark! his boat is on the stream,
His squadrons, in their serried ranks,
Stand marshall'd on its flooded banks,

I see their polish'd armour's gleam
Fling back again the noon-tide beam ;
The foremost now are on the strand,
Eager to push their skiffs from land,
And hearts beat quick, and 'hopes are high,
As rings, in fancy's ear, the cry,
That cheers them on to victory.
Ah ! wherefore turns he back again ?
With specious tale to cheat the ear,
A wretch, who never knew, is near,
A patriot thought, or patriot's tear,
His country's curse and bane⁹.

VI.

The times were changed, the hour was gone,
Laswaree, and Assaye were done¹⁰ ;
But tameless Holkar's heart, and now,
With army worthy of his foe,

A countless host, he stood prepared

To do, whate'er a leader dared ;

But now he stood alone !

A soldier, and a soldier's friend,

His was an open heart, and hand,

And frame, to head such hardy band,

And featly could he tend

Each noble sport ;—a steed could rein,

Like wild Mharatta crouch, and bend,

And wheel, with lance in rest ;

Or charge, the foe on battle plain,

As hundred fields might well attest,

If Poonah's fight were yet forgot,

Or Oogein's rout remembered not¹¹ ;

I think, I see him yet ;

His swarthy hue, and piercing eye,

As dark, as blackest jet ;

He had but one, and he would say,

In his light hours, all jestingly,
That he, for that, must be a knave¹²,
A thought, thou knowest the vulgar have.
He loved the pleasures of the bowl,
Th' impassioned glance of black-eyed maid,
That looks, into the soul,
A thousand things, tongue hath not said,
Though it would gladly tell ;
And yet, no reveller was he,
He knew a soldier's duty well,
And practised what he knew.
In battle field, with peril nigh,
In courtly feat of chivalry,
No bearing was more stern or high ;
As when he hurled, in hour of woe,
Defiance, at his English foe,
He said, " his saddle was his throne,
" That hosts, in war, should find their graves,—

“ Vast realms his armies over-run,

“ And overwhelm, like ocean’s waves.”

Such was the man, who now arose,

Our stern oppressors to oppose :

Even such was Holkar, such his guise ;

Perhaps a second, yet, may rise.

VII.

I joined his ranks ;—he led the way

Northward, to meet our enemy ;

At last we met ; we stood at bay ;

Then turned, and seemed to fly ;

’Twas all a feint,—they followed far ;

But still we seemed to fly the war ;

We reached the Chumbul’s stream, and then,

We turned, and drove them home again,

Aye ! chased like frightened deer ;

And many a maiden’s cheek with fear,

Shall blanche, when they shall read, or hear
The horrors of thy stream Bunnas,
Mokundra's or Biana's Pass¹³.

VIII:

But why prolong the fatal tale,
Which we alas ! but know too well ?
Why dwell, upon my country's fall ?
Repulsed from Delhi's feeble wall¹⁴,
A horseman had pricked o'er ;
Again at Deig, our, bravest bled ;
At Futtighur, our squadrons fled,
Lake's victor ranks before ;
Unable in fair field to cope
With those proud legions high in hope,
We hasten'd to Bhurtpore¹⁵,
And joyed, if men could joyance take¹⁶,
In streams of blood, that well might slake

A tyrant's thirst of gore ;
Four several times, the walls assailed,
As often still, our arms prevailed,
And back, the foe we bore ;
Each army sternly stood at bay,
As doubtful of the coming fray,
And war ceased for a space ;
Their fiery gallants sought not then,
To try the desperate strife again,
But idly saw us leave the place,
And south our weary march retrace,
Amid our wilds once more to arm,
To wake again the dread alarm.
Brief was the pause,—and fate once more,
Proved still more hostile, than before ;
They chased us, northward, to the stream,
They say, Secundur saw of yore,

The Hyphasis of poet's theme'¹,
And many a visionary's dream.

IX.

Peace came at length ; but came in vain,
Our chieftain sought his realms again,
Fresh armies, for the war, to train ;
Small thought had he of peace or rest,
They were rare guests, within his breast,
He thought, but of his tarnished name,
He thought, but of his baffled fame ;
And how, he best might strike a blow,
Against the proud, and haughty foe,
That o'er him like a billow vast,
Hung high,—to overwhelm at last.

'Twas all their cursed guile and craft,
We had their hearts, and braver still,
But what could these, without their skill ;
He knew it well, and sought to graft

Their science, on our native fire ;
And with a zeal, no time could damp,
No danger fright, nor labour tire ;
And all, around, was one vast camp,
Even, while the sun rode fierce and high,
He sought the tented ground,
And saw his horsemen charge or fly,
Or wheel, in mazy round,
Each bearing high, his well-poised spear,
And urging on, with his compeer,
The mimic war, with jibe, and jeer ;
Or eyed with all a soldier's heart,
The veteran to the youth impart
The earliest lessons of his art,
The measured tread, the martial air,
In hour of danger and despair,
To grasp his trusty musket well,
To speed the ball, or urge the charge ;

Or watched the gunner, throw the shell,
To fire the mine, or strike the targe ;
Or his proud steeds, at trumpet sound,
Light whirl the gun, along the ground ;
Then, would he seek the arsenal,
Mid dust and smoke, unmoved by all,
And cheer his breathless workmen on,
To weld the sword, or cast the gun.

X.

'Twas quickly seen, this could not last ;
And so it was,—his mind gave way,
Grew fiercer, with each coming day ;
Till deeds of darkness overcast
The fairness of his fame,
And nought remained to guard his realm,
But Holkar's dreaded name.
A female seized the vacant helm,

With feeble hand, held feeble sway,
And Holkar's rule was passed away.—
Men said, that in his earlier days,
He had spoke light of holiest things,
Of Brahmins, and their ways ;
And sure, such scoffing ever brings,
Besides, the loss of men's regard,
Its own, its meet reward !
If true ;—he found a fitting fate.
He lingered on, a few brief years,
A woman's care, in helpless state,
Then sank, unmourned with tears !
Aye ! fell, before the noon of life,
Not, in the battle-field or strife,
In mortal combat, with his foe ;
But of that dark and subtile woe,
That seeks the inmost soul's retreat,
And hurls the reason, from its seat—

What reck's it how ?—he met his doom,
The fate, alike reserved for all,
And now sleeps quiet, in his tomb,
Fast by Bampoorah's wall¹⁸ !
His hundred battles fought, and o'er,
Go, at his fortunes, weep or laugh,
As moves thy bosom's core ;
He gained a name, nor sought for more,
And Holkar needs no epitaph.

XI.

Our dreams of conquest past, and gone,
What could his chiefless legions do ?
Light was the wealth, which I had won,
And all too proud, to toil, or sue,
What marvel—if I leagued with those,
Who loathed, like me, a dull repose,
And roamed, where'er our fortune smiled,

Where plunder lured, or maid beguiled,
Pindarrahs of the wild !¹⁹
Oh ! there's a sweetness, in that life,
Which yet, I cannot all forget,
The joys—the hazards of the strife,
The welcome, when again we met ;
The talk, where we should find a prey,
Th' adventures of the by-past day.
Small care had we, except our steeds,
And these we fastened, near a tree,
Then, with our saddles 'neath our heads,
We slept, with heaven, for canopy ;
And, when her glorious lights, above,
Gleam'd through the boughs of the dark grove,
We woke as fresh, as it were day,
And took our destined way,
Nor halted, till the dawning sun
Proclaimed, the night was done ;

And then, all seated on the ground,
Our pipes and jokes, alike, went round ;
Our toil-worn steeds we fed, and drest,
And gave them of a soldier's fare,
And scanty meal the better share,
While as we sank once more to rest,
Perhaps some comrade light, and gay,
Would lull us, thus, with minstrelsy.

The Pindarree's Song.

THE steed paws the ground, with a snort, and a neigh,
The Pindarree has mounted, and hied him away ;
He has braced on his shield, and his sword by his side,
And forth he has gone, on a foray, to ride.

His turban is twisted, and wreath'd, round his brow,
Its color as red, as his blood, in its glow ;
From his shoulder, behind him, his carbine is slung,
And light, o'er his saddle, his long spear is hung.

Loose streams, to the wind, his white flowing garb,
And gaily bedeck'd is his Dukhunnee barb²⁰ ;
To the bells, at his neck, that chime, as they ride,
His charger is bounding, and prancing in pride.

His comrades are joined, they are mounted alike ;
They must drink, they must smoke, 'ere their tents
they will strike—

Their tents did I say ?—they are spangled, and high,
Their beds are the ground, and their curtains the sky.

Through the jungle they wend ; till they reach the
broad stream ;

It is shallow enough, and they cross, in the gleam,
Of a moon shining sweet, as the smile, on the face
Of the maiden, we love, and would die to embrace.

The river is forded, the frontier is passed,
And they reach the lone village, by midnight, at last ;

Would you gather its fate ? in the darkness of night,
The forests around it, are red, in its light.

Its dwellers have fled, in the wild woods to roam ;
All roofless, and black, is the place of their home ;
And their daughters dishonored, are weeping in vain,
Nor will boast of their pride, and their scorning, again.

XII.

We dwelt, by the Nurbuddah's stream,
And many a lonely dell is there²¹,
Where not a whisper stirs the air,
Save the jackal's cry, or the peacock's scream,
Or the bubbling wave, as it breaks, thro' the rocks,
With distant, fitful, roar ;
Like the sound in the shell, the ear that mocks,
Or a distant surf-beat shore ;
And thus she glides, mid mountain steeps
Clothed, in hues of eternal green,

And thus, her crystal wave she sweeps,
Thro' many a fairy, wood-land scene;
'Twas there, we dwelt, or had our home,
Or it might merely be our haunt,
For used, alas ! so long to roam,
I scarce know, what, by home is meant;
Yet ! still, we had our fields to tend,
To help a summer's day to spend;
But when the nights grew long, and clear,
We mounted, and took brand, and spear,
And roamed afar, they wot not where,
'Twas all they knew, we were not there,
Till back we came, and welcome found,
As fortune had our labours crowned.

XIII.

Not ours the long and dull delay,
Our chief himself will point the way,

To where the Ganges rolls his tide,
Mid fertile plains and cities wide ;
But deem not that we seek his stream²²,
To scare away some guilty dream,
For there, though crops of yellow grain
Full well the peasant's care and pain,
With rustic wealth return ;
For men who reap, with spear and glaive,
Still richer fields were said to wave,
Nor ask a long sojourn ;
For fame spoke loudly of the gold,
Those merchants' coffers could unfold,
To the bright eye of day ;
We mounted each his steed, and then,
We mustered full five hundred men,
Equipped, for march or fray.
We passed Myheer, and Rewah's vale,
Then tarried, in that lovely dell,

Beneath the Hilliah Pass, and there²³,
We, onward, sent our scouts before,
To sound the shroffs of Mirzapore²⁴,
What gold they had, and where ?
We followed with the setting sun,
And scarce more fleet his course was run,
Within the walls, e'er noon of night,
Each horseman drew his falchion bright !
One moment more,—the axes stroke,
Upon their dreaming slumbers broke,
And quick, the bolts, and bars gave way,
Beneath the hammer's ponderous sway !
Some heard without the wild uproar,
Then faster barr'd the bolted door ;
Some through the lattice peep'd, by stealth,
Then hurried fled, and hid their wealth ;
Some startled rose, and deemed the gleam,
Our torches shed, the morning beam ;

And some, at distance stood, and gazed,
By the flickering taper's ray ;
But scarce a voice, or hand, was raised,
To scare us, from our prey ;
Of that we found an ample store !
Each helped himself, nor asked for more.

XIV.

To horse ! to horse ! the signal rang,
Each on his courser featly sprang ;
None tarried there, to bid adieu,
Or snatch a kiss, from maiden true ;
But hurrying left the scene behind,
Our lessening tramp died on the wind ;
And soon the open fields were won,
And then with jest, and roundelay,
We laughed the weary march away,
Across the table-land that lay

Between us and the Soane.

We passed Rhotass, that towering stood,

High beetling o'er the silver flood²⁵ ;

And I would fain have lingered there,

To gaze an hour on scene so fair ;

But on we swept—the wish was vain,

Yet seemed to say—we meet again !

From thence, we downward tracked the stream,

That glittered, in the gorgeous beam

Of an eastern queen of night ;

Its streamlets wandering, thro' the plain,

Amid its isles, seemed some vast chain,

Formed, by some magic sleight :

We followed, by its crystal waves,

By Baroon's Ghaut, to Bhelah's caves²⁶.

Those temples of a far-past age

Dug, in the heart of the living rock,

Now echoed, to our lawless rage,
And to our reckless mock !
They were so old, none knew, 'twas said,
Their purpose, or when they were made ;
And that may be ; but this I know,
That, never, did old mother Earth
Give, to the day, a ruder birth,
Than that lay 'camped, in the plain below,
Cleaning their arms, for the coming fray,
For close at hand, a city lay ;
It was my once-loved home, and now,
I thought me of my wrongs, and vow !
Perhaps, I would have saved !—but how ?

XV.

Oh ! many a memory woke that scene
Of her, I loved, and ne'er forgot,
Though many a year had rolled, between,
Since I had viewed the fatal spot,

That fearful eve, I traced the wave,
In search of her, I could not save,
And came, but to behold the pyre,
Of her, who fell beneath the ire,
The victim of a demon's sire !

Aye ! when I thought me of her fate,
That she had died, for me, and how,
I had eno', for cause of hate,
Without remembrance of my vow.

XVI.

Day closed at last ; we mounted all,
And gained, by night, the city's wall,
And then, the tumult that arose,
As bursts volcano, from repose,
Or demon's revel, rent the air,
Mingled, with shriekings of despair,
Mocking the calm, still hour of night,
And languor of her silver light.

Resistance o'er—I left the throng,
To wreak the vengeance of my wrong ;
I rushed, towards the lone, green isle,
And there, all fresh, unchanged it lay,
And tranquil too, as yet, erewhile
Unstained, by that fell tragedy !
My heart, with rage, was boiling o'er ;
Yet, ere I reached the fatal shore,
I know not how, my spirit fell,
Each sense within me died ;
A mist came o'er my brain and eye,
I scarce knew where I went—nor why ;
But soon this weakness to dispel,
I summoned up my hate, and pride.

XVII.

I gained the hut, so known of yore,
An old man bent, and silver'd o'er,
Was seated, near its door.

I knew him well,—it was her sire !

And yet, how changed, by grief and years ;

His eye, once keen, had lost its fire,

Each furrow seemed the track of tears ;

And yet, the lineaments, he bore,

Were those, which once my Lilloo wore.

He knew me ; tho' my turban's fold

Downward, beneath my chin, was rolled,

As mail-clad warriors, of yore

In fight, their visors wore²⁷.

I sought, in vain, to raise my arm ;

His looks were powerful to disarm !

He watched, and saw my inward strife ;

“ Hark, villain ! if thou seek'st my life,

“ Use, then, thy sword, or take this knife ;

“ Existence, now, hath nought to give,

“ That I should humbly sue to live ;

“ No gold, to soothe thee with, have I,
“ No wish to live, no fear to die ;
“ When thou canst banish my despair,
“ Then will I beg of thee to spare ;
“ If thou couldst glad these ‘longing eyes ;
“ If thou couldst bid my child arise,
“ All pure and spotless, as she was,
“ Then might I crave thee, yet to pause ;
“ Nor add this crime to thousands past,
“ To sink thee deeper at the last.
“ Strike, if thou wilt ; strike, if thou dar’st ;
“ What ! doubting still ? what is’t thou fear’st ?”
I found, that for his ruthless deed,
He, thus, had found the fitting meed ;
Tho’ quickly done—he little thought,
The memory ne’er should be forgot,
But blighting dwell—nor yet destroy,
Till death itself were hailed as joy ;

With blood enough, upon my hand,
For what, then, should I stain my brand ?
I spared his life ; and went my way,
To join my comrades, in the fray.

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XVIII.

The toil of sack and conflict o'er,
We eastward, took our route,
And passed Bood'h-Gyah's stern, red tower²⁸,
That echoed to our shout ;
Beetling, it stood, above the stream,
And quivering, in the moon-light beam ;
While, scarce, was heard the wandering breeze,
To steal its way, amid the trees ;
Worn, it seemed, by wind and rain,
Yet strong, as it were worn, in vain,
And high, as that, on Shinar's plain,
Built, as the Moorish legends tell,
By Babel's huntsman fell²⁹.

We passed the spot, beneath its steep,
Where powerless, now, to curse or save,
Its hundred haughty prelates sleep,
Each seated, in his vaulted grave³⁰.
And onward still, we reached Dunghye³¹,
Ere, it was scarcely break of day ;
Its wooded steeps, and lovely vale,
Oh ! long, shall I remember well ;
But raids, like ours, brook short delay ;
And so, we tore ourselves away,
And, southward hied, with haste amain,
To seek our former haunts again.



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THE

S U N Y A S S E E.

CANTO THIRD.



THE
S U N Y A S S E E.

CANTO THIRD.

In vain, we ride before the blast,
Or trace the long, and weary way,
Without a star, whose cheering ray
May point us, to some haven at last ;
The restless mind, without an aim,
Is scorched, at last, by passion's flame,
And we will, vainly, seek for rest,
In sunny lands, and cloudless skies ;
Still memory pursues, nor dies,
A hell or heaven, within the breast.

I.

ALONE, I trod my homeward way,
And scarce, a pathway marked the road ;
But all was silent, save the neigh
Of the distant steed, the traveller rode ;

Or the Sarus, as he flew o'er head¹ ;
Or the murmur, from some river's bed ;
Or the tinkling of the Bunjarrah's bells²,
As he swept, thro' the lone, and wooded dells,
His cattle browsing, as they went,
 Tho' laden was each goodly steer ;
Or the belling, from each thicket sent,
 By herds of wild untended deer ;
Or the Jogee, with his matted hair³,
As he muttered, still, his ceaseless prayer ;
Or the forest monarch's dreadful roar,
As he seized his prey, or yelled for more ;
I recked them not,—my heart was far away,
And sorrowed as I went, o'er some long vanished day.

II.

Years passed away, and with them passed
 The hope of that, to come at last,

The long, self-promised, hoped-for years
Of happiness, undimmed by tears.

They came not, as I said before ;
Perhaps, had sought some unknown shore ;
But those, who've found them, best can tell
The sun-bright clime, in which they dwell ;

I found it not !—how could I find

Enjoyment, with a tortured mind ?

And yet, perhaps, my sorrow's force
Had more of sadness, than remorse ;

Tho' not all guiltless, I could brave

The scorn of living, or the grave ;

But, when I thought of Lilloo's fate,

Hope told me, it was all too late ;

That, for the present, all was o'er,

And life, a sea, without a shore ;—

But that were little ;—for I grieve,

Not for myself, but her, who died ;

For her, who, on that fatal eve,
For me, was whelmed, beneath the tide.

III.

I, now, had none, for whom 'to live ;
No one, to whom 'twere joy to give ;
And thus, without an aim, in life ;
Why still pursue this reckless strife,
This ceaseless warfare, with my kind,
For happiness, I could not find ;
This course of rapine, and of stealth,
For what I valued not,—their wealth ?
The perils, and the enterprise,
At first, had power to soothe my grief ;
But grown familiar, with their guise,
They long had ceased to yield relief ;—
And could these fail, and sordid gold
The gates of happiness unfold ?

Ah ! no, I had enough, and yet,
Memory defied me, to forget.

IV.

I found, it was a foolish thought,
To deem, content could, thus, be bought ;
Or by aught else, except that love,
That bids us, lift our hearts above ;
And thus there came, by grace divine,
 Remembrance of my native vale,
And of Bood'h-Gyah's holy shrine ;
 I called to mind its cloistered cell,
The quiet of each sainted tomb ;
And thought, if aught could soothe my gloom,
 It would be, there, to dwell ;
And it might be, my sufferings past,
 And penances,—to rest at last.

V.

I spoke, and bade adieu to none,
But took my wild and midnight way ;
None knew, or cared, where I had gone ;
Perhaps they sorrowed, for a day,
For I was ever by their side
In peril's hour their course to guide ;
But what availed the parting tear,
Or bitterer still, the taunt, and jeer ;
My purpose ta'en, they could not shake,—
Far less prevent ;—why then awake ?

VI.

I gained, at length, the well-known pile,
And hoped to find, in convent cell^d,
The quiet, which I loved so well.
At first, all nature seemed to smile,

The Fulgo's broad, and glassy stream
Swept past me, like a fleeting dream ;
I saw the craggy ridge extend,
And hailed it, as a well-known friend ;
And farther still,—the lake around,
So loved, seemed hallow'd ground ;
The very birds, that wheeled their flight,
In darkening myriads, through the air,
Clouding its burnish'd waters fair,
Seemed those, that last had met my sight.

VII.

But oh ! I could not turn my eye,
Adown the stream, lest I should spy
Scenes, linked so darkly, with my fate⁵,
That beautiful, although they be,
And graven, on my memory,
I could no longer contemplate.

And then, there were some silly tongues,
That prattled of my Lilloo's wrongs ;
And how, those wrongs wrought farther deeds,
O'er which, my heart, yet, freshly bleeds.
Their tale was false ;—none knew her fate ;
Save one, and that were now too late ;
That latest witness was her sire,
And where is he ?—go ask the pyre.

VIII.

And then, my brethren looked askance,
Or passed me, with averted glance,
The haggard look, that spoke my doom,
Was even too dark, for convent gloom.
Oh ! I have ever found it so,
That those, the deepest plunged in grief,
Will look, in vain, amid their woe,
And most, to priesthood, for relief.

And then, to please our prelate's pride,
Must we run, by his litter's side ;
That couch, besprent with gilding o'er,
While sackcloth was the robe, he wore ;
The way his jewelled heralds led,
While he wore ashes, on his head,
And matted hair around it wound,
Whose folds unloosed, would sweep the ground.

IX.

Such service well might suit a page,
Or monkling, from his convent cage ;
But arm, accustomed to the brand,
Disdains to wield an usher's wand.
Like fettered eagle, in his rage,
I fretted, in my narrow cage ;
They saw my state, and judged my pain,
That I was, as the desert's child,

And bade me seek Sirgoojah's wild⁶,
And tend their rich domain ;
Aye ! tend their wealth, who never knew,
To watch, or keep my own ;
I promised not ; but bade adieu,
And wandered forth, once more alone.

X.

I tore, and cast my clothes aside,
And smeared my body, and my hair,
With ashes, and the tiger's hide
Slung, at my back, as now I wear,
The sole, scant vesture, that remained,
For all those gauds, my rapine gained.
My matted hair in plaited fold,
For turban, round my head, was rolled ;
The staff and scrip, the arms, I bore,
For the keen blade, which once I wore ;

All worldly cares were, at an end ;

But these, for long, had ceased to be,

And, with my passions to contend,

I roamed a houseless Sunyassee' !

No change had I, to hope, or dread,

Save that, should lay me, with the dead ;

And I would, then, have felt a pride,

To've known the worst, that could betide,

Had my own fate, whate'er it were,

Been object of a moment's care.

XI.

Small matter, where my wanderings bore ;

And so, I thought, 'twould soothe, once more,

To gaze, upon the stone-built dome,

Holds Jeswunt Holkar's tomb.

Thither I bent my steps, and there,

Still faithful, even beyond the grave,

And ready, tho' he could not save,
His favorite steed was grazing near,
Fast by his master's bier !
I saw, and grieved ;—nor sought to chide
My weakness, when the starting tear
Gushed forth, I could not hide.
And there, the priest his vigil keeps,
And there, the lamp for ever burns,
And there, the war-worn veteran weeps*,
And there, the weary traveller turns,
And pauses, on his trackless way,
For the final rest of him, to pray,
Whose checkered lot forbade to know,
What quiet meant, while here below.
And surely, they have mourned him well,
'Tis thus, he would have loved to dwell,
Even, in his last, and narrow cell ;

Some tribute, still, the great should find,
And Holkar's was no common mind.

XII.

I went my way, and passed our haunt,

By the Nurbuddah's stream ;

Like spirits, at the word avaunt !

Or shadows, in a guilty dream,

Gone were they, every one !

The very walls were gone !

And onward, still, my footsteps led,

To Teoor's city of the dead⁹ ;

I stood, upon a mound of stones,

That holds within, no buried bones,

But was the palace, and the bower

Of woman, decked in pride, and power ;

A queen, who died, in battle field,

For the wild realm, she could not shield.

Where now, Durgoutee, can we trace
The princes of thy vaunted race¹⁰ ?
Thrice hapless wert thou ! had not fame
Made us familiar, with thy name ;
Thy noble daring 'gainst thy foes ;
Thy glorious death, and many woes ;
The once-proud city of thy sway,
Even as thy rule, hath passed away ;
Its name, of millions once the shout,
Hath now become the sport of doubt ;
And yet its fragments, far around,
And broken idols strew the ground,
With matted brushwood, tangled o'er,
As if man's steps it never bore ;
Its temples still are standing there,
But echo, now, no more to prayer ;
But in them, serpents rear their crests,
And birds of darkness build their nests.

XIII.

I sought, and saw Rhotass, once more ;
In mighty, mountain-strength it rose,
As if to mock its country's woes,
In this her humbled hour ;
But where are those with hearts so bold,
Or true, that dare to hold ;
High frowning o'er the Soane it stands,
But guards no more its subject lands,
Stretched, in the vale, around ;
Silent as dwelling of the dead,
No more is heard the warriors' tread,
Or deep Nagāra's sound¹¹.
For centinels, the tigers prowl,
For martial note, the jackals howl,
And from the watchman's steepest tower,
The owl alone proclaims the hour,

The bat flits, in the hall,
For gilding, and for tapestry rare,
The spider weaves its subtle snare,
Along the crumbling wall¹² ;
Of all that revelled there, not one
Lives now, to tell of times by-gone ;
Warriors and steeds have passed away,
And moulder with a dull decay,
And all is still—alike the hand,
That reined the steed, or forged the brand ;
And o'er them, nature spreads her pall
Of verdant green, that wraps their clay,
In wild luxuriance chokes the way,
Or waves upon the ruined wall.
The tanks are now o'ergrown with weeds,
And wild fowl nestle, in the reeds,
And all is desolation there ;

Yet ruin, struck with scene so fair,
Seems pausing, as with wish to spare,
Doubtful—if half its tale be told,
Though famed, through countless years of old¹².

XIV.

My journeyings, it were vain to tell,
Or where they led, or what befell ;
I've watched the Ganges' infant flow,
Where Koosh is clad, in endless snow¹⁴ ;
Aye ! trod the Caspian's tideless shore,
And heard the Euxine's breakers roar¹⁵ ;
I've bowed me, in Ellora's cave,
And prayed, above a Moslem's grave¹⁶ ;
For sure, the semblance of a shrine
Must, ever, wake some thoughts divine :
If pure the heart, what recks the spot ?
There is no place,—where God is not !

XV.

I boast not of my perils past,

And now, the present seems the last ;

Though long to me my loved Behar

Hath been a vain regret, a dream,

Ah ! wherefore seek thy wilds, Cachar !

Or the marshes of the Soormah's stream¹⁷ ?

Stranger ! thou seest these wooded heights,

And yon thatched shed, amid the waste ?

'Twas there, for thirty days, and nights,

I dwelt, in vigil, and in fast—

A mighty spirit slumbers there,

Who spent a tedious life, in prayer,

And ever, since he died,

They say, that from the mountain's side,

Sweet Uttur hath been seen to flow,

In yon small well, below¹⁸.

Aye ! they may doubt ; but this I know,

I saw the tiger, round me, prowl,
I heard the wolves around me howl ;
And yet, they had no power to harm,
For I was girt, as by a charm ;
Oft, as their footsteps nearer closed,
Some power, unseen, still interposed,
I scarce knew how ; 'tis true, men say,
That o'er the good, these have no sway ;
But even, if, for the guilty, sent¹⁹,
I scarce could deem me innocent :
'Tis ever thus ; these missed their prey,
But fell disease hath found its way.

XVI.

'Tis destiny, thus urges on,
When, most, we deem the act our own,
Leads us unconscious to our fate,
Nor shows the gulf, till all too late ;

Yet deem not, stranger, that I fear,
Although perhaps, my end be near ;
Oh ! I have often prayed for death,
As eagerly, as some for life ;
Aye ! thought to rid me of my breath,
When weary of this mortal strife.
'Tis true, that, even for the brave,
Some terrors, still, that change must have ;
Yet deem not thence, that I would buy
A respite, for a single day ;
With none to share it with,—as now,
What were a crown, upon my brow ?
For what then, should I pray, in vain ?
To bear my miseries, again ?
Drag on, in pain, a few brief years,
And, at the thought of sufferings past,
Moisten the dull earth, with my tears,
Which must receive my dust,—at last ?

XVII.

The coward part was never mine,
To rail at fortune, or repine ;
Yet judge, if I have had my share
Of earthly griefs, and woes, to bear.
Ah ! Lilloo, little did we deem,
The pleasures of that fleeting dream
Would fade away, so soon ;
Aye ! fade, ere it were noon ;
And leave behind, a track of years
Blasted ; though watered, by my tears.
Fatal the hour, thou heard'st my suit ;
More deadly still, hath been the fruit ;
What I am now is quickly seen ;
But none know that,—I might have been.
Ah ! Lilloo, couldst thou see me now,
The daggled locks, upon my brow,

My sunken eye, and quivering frame,
Thou couldst not deem, I were the same ;
Thou couldst not guess this haggard shade,
To be the wreck,—which thou hast made !
I wrong her, stranger ! for the guilt,
And deep the guilt, was mine alone ;
By me, that angel's blood was spilt,
By me, that deed of darkness done.

XVIII.

My reason wanders, thou mayst see,
And I shall, soon, have ceased to be ;
My soul is fluttering in my breast,
As it would fly,—or be at rest,
And something tells me, death is near,
That hour—but let the happy fear.
No ! trust me, love ! if yet the cup
Of happiness were offered up,

Aye ! fairly, freely, proffered forth,
O'erflowing, to my burning lip,
As freely, would I dash, to earth,
The charmed draught, if it should be
Linked, with forgetfulness of thee ;
If only for the hour, which death
May spare me, yet, this fleeting breath.

XIX.

Our thousand gods, alas ! have given
No promise of an, after, heaven²⁰ ;
I ask it not ; my sole request,
The wretch's hope—is endless rest ;
But memory wakes, and then I own,
My heart rejects the sought-for boon.
I envy not, the Moor, his toys,
His Houries, and his promised joys ;
Though every tongue should whisper rest,

They could not calm my troubled breast,
And tuneless, were the sweetest song,
Unless, from thine own, silver, tongue ;
To some, perhaps, such joys were fair,
I prize them not ;—nor seek to share ;
Without thee,—they were idle all,
A gilded show, that soon would pall.

XX.

But, if the Christian's hope be true
Of after life, Oh ! it were sweet,
To think, that we again might meet,
With pure, and spotless hearts anew,
And love, without its guilt, renew ;
If I could deem that promise sure,
What penance would I not endure ;
And yet, they say, it needs it not,
If, with a contrite spirit, sought ;

Their tale seems strange, and stranger still,
One God should rule, with uncheck'd will ;
Yet, I have tried its truth to scan,
And still, methinks, there is but ONE ;
But true or false, 'tis now too late
To combat with a wayward fate ;
And yet I envy them a creed,
Can cheer the heart, in day of need :
Oh ! it were much, to know that bliss,
If only, in an hour, like this ;
Though now, with scarce that space to live,
My hoarded thousands I would give ;
If but to hope, that I, once more,
Might meet thee,—on their promised shore.

XXI.

Even now, as thro' a misty cloud,
I saw her, in her dripping shroud ;

And often, thus, her form appears,
And breaks upon my lonely hours,
When sorrow's sable shadow lours,
Reminding me of other years,
Of other scenes—I scarcely know,
If sent in mercy—or in woe,
But thus it is—recalls the past,
And haunts my memory, to the last.

Laurent.

Yes ! she is dead, who lived for me,
Though sweet the smile, that lingers yet,
So like—her own, it well might be,
But yet, for hers,—how fixed, and set.

Yes ! death is here,—her raven hair
Is lifeless all, about her brow,

And that was eloquent, and fair,
As marble pale,—'tis colder now.

Her eyes are closed, as if in sleep,
Their fringes curtain['] all below,
Their lids but droop,—as if to weep,
In pity, at some dream of woe.

Oh! lift them not,—in mercy, spare
My bleeding heart, the dreadful sight;
The soul, the spirit, is not there,
That beamed, that sparkled, in their light.

But she is gone;—what do I here?
The sun, that warmed my lonely breast,
Hath set,—nor left a ray to cheer;
'Tis time,—that I should be at rest.

And then, away, her shade will glide,
Or pause, as now, and seem to chide,
And beckon me, with outstretched hand,
To follow to some dreaming land.
Nay! doubt not, Love;—I come! I come!
To seek thee, even beyond the tomb.

XXII.

Haste, Stranger! to Bood'h-Gyah's pile,
And there, within the convent aisle,
My wealth is hid, an ample store,
Go, give it, to the poor;—²¹
Howe'er men doubt of caste, and creed,
There's none will blame the pious deed;
That stills the hapless captive's moan,
Or soothes the dying wretch's groan,
Then, give it to the poor!

Busy with doubts, and dreams of fate,

Alas ! we think of this too late.

'Tis strange ! this hour, or feared, or dared,

Should ever find us unprepared,

And I could wish, some farther space

Had yet been given me, to retrace

The darker portions of my fate ;

But that, thou seest, is now too late ;

And, if I am not, what I ought,

Be theirs the blame, whose malice sought

To deem, the furrow, on my brow,

Was ploughed by guilt, and not by woe.

Their tale was false ;—but that they knew

It was enough,—they wished it true ;

And they may still with heartless cheer

Press on, and hunt the stricken deer ;

Aye ! let them still, my name assail,

What heeds it me,—yet it were well,

Another time, to be more kind,
Another time, to be less blind,
Nor drive a brother to offend,
They scarce would seem to wish to mend.

XXIII.

This wreck of passion, grief, and care,
Is scarcely fit a thought to share ;
Yet once, it was my wish, and hope
To sleep, upon the far hill-top,
That looks o'er Chirkee's well-known plain",
And o'er Bood'h Gyah's rich domain ;
For proud I scorned to owe, in death,
What they denied my living breath,
Communion with my kind, to cheat
The load of life of half its weight ;
I bore the doom,—I knew unjust,
Nor ask companionship, in dust :

Can buried millions cheer the gloom,
Or break the silence of the tomb ?
Not mine such dream—I sought to sleep
Alone, as I had lived ;—to dwell
Sole tenant of that rugged steep,
Mid scenes, which I had loved so well ;
But here !—that last delusion ends ;—
Then give my ashes to the winds ;
Then none will say, with jocund tread,
Here sleeps he, or here rests the dead.
Unthinking fool ! a few years must,
Lay him too, with th' oblivious dust.

He gazed, as on some shade in air,
With glassy eye, and vacant stare ;
The smile, that o'er his visage passed,
Waned to a frown—and fixed at last,

And all was o'er ;—he left no trace,
No record of his line or race,
And we will hope that rest may gain,
He sought, so long, on earth, in vain.

F I N I S.





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N O T E S

TO THE

S U N Y A S S E E.



N O T E S

TO THE

S U N Y A S S E E .

CANTO FIRST.

Note 1, Page 4, Line 14.

The sacred Gyah, where the holy Shrad'h
Hath power, to make the parted spirit glad.

The Shrad'h of the Hindoos somewhat resembles the Wake of the Irish, or perhaps still more, the mass said for the dead. It is a religious ceremony performed, for the final rest of the deceased. When the Shrad'h happens to be that of a wealthy person, liberal presents are made to the Brahmins, and considerable sums of money distributed among the poor ; on some occasions of the sort, the crowd is so.

great, that serious accidents occur to the poor creatures, thus collected.

Note 2, Page 4, Line 16.

To lull our kindred, in their final rest,
And blend their *Mañes*, with th' already blest.

The Hindoos would appear to believe, in an intermediate state, somewhat resembling the purgatory of the Roman Catholics; and the pilgrimage to Gyah is performed, principally with the view of obtaining rest for the souls of their departed progenitors, and the blending or union of their spirits, with those of their ancestors, already blest. The ceremony, I believe, is supposed to be performed with most effect, by a son of the deceased, and the Hindoos are all accordingly desirous of male offspring; but in cases, in which that blessing has been denied, a son may be adopted for the purpose, inheriting, at the same time, the wealth of the deceased, or the ceremonies may, I believe, even be performed, by a grandson, or other near male relative.

The precise number of shrines, at which religious ceremonies must be performed, to entitle the parties to the merits of the pilgrimage, I do not exactly recollect ; but I think, they are about thirteen, and the period of time, which is thus occupied, about the same number of days. The following account of the concluding ceremonies performed on the last and principal day, at the Atchaibut, is taken from a small work of fiction, but is sufficiently accurate for the general reader.

“ Meanwhile, the accustomed ceremonies of the pilgrimage proceeded slowly, but regularly. The Rajah had made his offerings to the gods, and had offered up prayers, for the repose of the *Manes* of his ancestors, at the several shrines, and these are not a few ; for there is scarcely a hill or glen, around the place, that is not consecrated by some sacred tradition. He had prayed on the tops of the Ramsillah, and of the Pritsillah, and he had passed through the subterraneous passage, on the top of the romantic Bhurmjouin,

typical of the second birth of man ;—he had bathed in the Oottur Manoos, and other holy pools, and had worshipped in the Sooruj-mut or temple of the sun, and at the sacred impress of the foot of the god Vishnoo, as he stamps on the breast of a monstrous, and destructive demon. It now only remained for him, to pay his parting orisons, at the Atchai-but. By this time his resources had been so deeply drawn upon, by Gya-wals, (the highest order of priesthood belonging to the place,) Achargees, Damees, Sutwas, Pindfuroshes, and a whole host of people, in various religious garbs, who prey on the vitals, or rather on the purses of the pilgrims, that Asman Singh found himself constrained to stipulate with his Gya-wal, the amount, which he should pay, at the concluding ceremony ; for if that is not performed, the whole of those previously gone through are said to be of no avail. The sum, which they agreed on, was a lakh of rupees, which considering the Rajah's rank and means, was not considered to be too much. The ceremony now proceeded ; the

Rajah had to wash the feet of his Gya-wal ; in short, he had to worship him, as the representative of the deity ; and after they had been duly consecrated, by a priest of an inferior order, who officiated on the occasion, he successively invested the Gya-wal, with every different article of apparel of the most costly description, with every different culinary utensil, used by the Hindoos, of solid silver ; and finally, he presented him with a steed, and with an elephant, both richly caparisoned. While this ceremony was being performed, the Rajah could not help occasionally directing his attention to some of his followers, who were similarly engaged. They appeared to have been still less fortunate, in the selection of their priests, who were bargaining with them, with a degree of eagerness and cupidity, which would have done honor to the tribe of Israel. In short, they stript these poor creatures, to the very sword, which they had to defend themselves with, at a time when all went armed, and to the very blanket, which was their scanty protection against the inclemencies of the weather.

“ The purpose of the Rajah’s visit was now accomplished ; yet ere he departed, he would pass the Fulgo, and take a last look of Gyah, from the opposite bank. He, who has seen it, will not soon forget the interesting view ; the river sweeping past ; the sacred city rising from its banks, supported on the one hand, by the Ramsillah, and on the other, by the Bhurmjouin towering above the surrounding peaks, and crowned with its solitary temple ; the whole forming a scene of picturesque beauty, which even classic, and romantic Greece might not be ashamed to own.”

Note 3, Page 5, Line 8.

And higher yet, Ramgyah’s lonely hill,
Crowned with its gorgeous tree, more lonely still.

Ramgyah is a small detached hill, surmounted by a gorgeous wide-spreading tree. It is situated, on the right bank of the Fulgo, immediately opposite the old town of Gyah, and has altogether a very picturesque appearance.

Note 4, Page 5, Line 12.

While vengeful Doorgah, throned on either hand,
From mountain shrines, beholds her cherished land.

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The temples on the tops of the Ramsillah, and Bhurm-jouin, on each side of the town, are those here alluded to.

Note 5, Page 5, Line 14.

Her hundred pennons flung abroad, and given,
In every hue, to woo the breath of heaven.

The Brahmins are in the habit of hoisting pennons, or small flags of different colors, on the spires of some of the Hindoo temples in India ; at Gyah this is particularly the case. These pennons seen from a distance, particularly, if the temple be on an elevated situation, or be in other respects romantically situated, add much to the picturesque effect.

Note 6, Page 6, Line 2.

Lo! where he comes, on the horizon's verge,
The half-hid groves scarce, o'er his wave, emerge.

The appearance, here endeavoured to be described, is very remarkable in the Megna or great Ganges, where, in looking from one side of the river to the other, the mango topes or groves seem half submerged in the river; for the same reason probably, that the hull of a vessel is not visible at sea, while at any considerable distance.

Note 7, Page 6, Line 10.

Or stand unshod, before the shrine,
Of that famed Princess' costly pile.

The tenple of the Bishun Pud'h, (or Vishnoo's foot,) built at an expense, I think, I was told by the Brahmins, of nine lakhs of rupees, by that celebrated Mharatta Princess of the house of Holkar, Ahilliah Bhaee, of whom so interesting an account has been published by Sir John Malcolm, in his memoir on central India. The structure, which is

handsome for a Hindoo Temple, is composed entirely of a dark compact granite, or perhaps speaking more correctly, of what geologists call syenite. The principal object of adoration is the impress of the foot of the god Vishnoo, as he stamps on the breast of a fabulous demon of enormous size, whose head is said to be under the great temple at Boodh-Gyah, and lower extremities under two hills named the Ramsillah, and the Pritsillah. A statue or image of Ahilliah Bhaee herself has found a place, beside some of the deities, in an adjoining temple ; thus bringing within our own cognizance, an instance of the apotheosis of a goddess, or the canonization of a saint,—I believe the former to be the more correct expression, in the present instance.

Note 8, Page 6, Line 11.

Where Vishnoo, as our Ved'hs attest.

The Ved'hs or Bedahs, the sacred writings of the Hindoos, are I believe, of two descriptions, the Bedahs being

the scriptures themselves, and the Shasters a sort of commentary, little less sacred than the original.

Note 9, Page 7, Line 16.

I then had little clerkly lore ;
For I was of the warrior caste.

The tribe of Khettree, Chittree, or Rajpoot, the caste inferior only to the Brahmins. The persons belonging to this caste are, by no means, remarkable for their learning, or literary attainments ; on the contrary, they more resemble those ancient Barons, and warriors of our own country, who despised learning, and could scarcely even sign their own names. To this day, in those parts of the east, in which I have resided, it is not customary for persons, of any rank, to sign their names to letters, or other documents. To supply the deficiency, persons of the sort are all provided with a signet ring, which they wear on the finger ; on all necessary occasions, this is dipt in ink, and applied

to the document, in place of the sign manual. These seals generally bear the name of the person, and probably some affix, as Bahadoor, (similar to our Esquire,) and the date, on which the seal was cut ; after the death of the person to whom it belonged, the seal is either destroyed, or taken good care of, by his heirs, for very obvious reasons.

Note 10, Page 8, Line 11.

The beautiful—the undefiled—

A Parent's hope—a Brahmin's child.

The laws or customs relating to marriage, among the Hindoos, vary considerably, in different castes. In some, marriages can only be contracted between parties of the same tribe or family, beyond of course certain degrees of consanguinity ; in others, the contracting parties must be of different tribes or family circles. In some of the lower castes, it is considered lawful for the husband of one sister

to have children by another, and among some of the mountain tribes of Cuttack, I have been informed, that the custom adverted to, in scripture, of several brothers taking the same wife, in succession, prevails. In all the sacred writings of the Hindoos, and in the opinion of the people themselves, it is degrading and disgraceful in the males of the higher, to have connexion with the females of the lower castes; but for a male of an inferior caste to defile the daughter of a Brahmin,—is death; it is sacrilege, and from having committed this deadly offence, spring the whole of the miseries, which afterwards assail the Sunyassee, in his progress through life.

Note 11, Page 9, Line 16.

And limb as straight, and fleet, as ere,
Yet bore a hardy mountaineer !

It may perhaps be thought, that I have been unnecessarily minute, in describing the personal appearance of the

Sunyassee in his youth, but it is to be recollected, that when not dressed, for some particular occasion, the inhabitants of Bengal, and Hindoosthan go about, on the ordinary affairs of life, dressed as described in the text ; that is, rather more scantily, if any thing, than an English pugilist, when stript for a rencounter.

Note 12, Page 10, Line 10.

'Twas summer, and the drought was high,
The Fulgo's bed was bare, and dry.

The Fulgo is considered one of the most sacred rivers in India. It flows past Bood'h-Gyah, within about two hundred yards of the great temple ; six miles lower down, it runs under the walls of the sacred city of Gyah itself. It is one of the objects of Hindoo adoration. In summer, its bed, which is about half a mile broad opposite to Gyah, is often almost, if not entirely dry ; but in the rainy season, it is a bold, sweeping stream, and would be considered a fine river, in any country, in which large rivers are uncommon.

Note 13, Page 11, Line 2.

Where Palm, and Tamarind mingling made,
From noon-tide heats, a grateful shade ;
There rose, with feathery leaf, the Date,
The Banian, with its sylvan hall,
And graceful Betel, high o'er all,
Till scarce a ray could penetrate.

All these are trees very common in India, more particularly in Bengal. The palm, the date, and the tamarind must be familiar even to the western reader ; the banian is the *Ficus Religiosus* of botanists. It grows to a great size, and from its branches sends down shoots, which again take root in the earth, thus giving the appearance of arcades, where the tree is very large, which however is not always, nor very often the case. It is held in great religious estimation, by the Hindoos. The following is a description of one of these trees now growing in the district of Sarun.

“ Manjee is a considerable town situated a little above the confluence of the Dewah with the Ganges, about twelve

miles from Chuprah ; near this place is a remarkable Burr tree, of which the following are the dimensions, as given by W. Hamilton—‘ diameter from 363 to 376 feet, circumference of the shadow at noon 1,116 feet. Circumference of the several stems, fifty or sixty in number, 921 feet.’ Since the above measurement was taken in 1820, the tree has considerably increased in its dimensions, and it now occupies about five beegas of land,” (perhaps about two acres.)—*Vide Rankine’s Topography of Sarun.*

The betel or soparee is the tree, which produces the betel-nut ;—it is a species of palm, rises to a great height, and is exceedingly slender and graceful.

Note 14, Page 12, Line 13.

Like Gunga rising from the wave,
Or Rhemba, from her ocean cave.

Gunga, the native name of the Ganges ; in the present instance, it means the goddess, who presides over that sacred river. Rhemba is the ocean Venus of the Hindoos.

Note 15, Page 13, Line 5.

The Saree's graceful folds put on,
And soon her simple toilet done.

The Saree is the dress of the Hindoo women. It consists of one piece of white cloth, just as it came from the hands of the weaver, about eight or ten yards long, and sometimes a little ornamented at the ends. It is wrapped two or three times round the waist, so as to allow the lower border to hang down, a little below the calf of the leg; a fold of it is taken from the waist, over the breast and head, which forms the only dress of the upper part of the body, among the ordinary classes. The Moosulmanee females wear pajamas or trowsers, and their toilet is altogether considerably more complicated.

Note 16, Page 13, Line 11.

then with a tread,
So light, so buoyant, and so true,
Might wake, in courtly dames, a sigh,
I saw her homeward hie!

The figures of the Hindoo women are light, and though perhaps rather small, are symmetrically formed, and their walk is at the same time, light, easy, buoyant, and stately ; in short, it is the very opposite of cloddish or inelastic. When they go to draw water, for domestic purposes, they carry the gurrah or pitcher, which is a globular vessel of brass or earthen-ware, contracted at the neck, and again widening at the mouth, either on the head or resting on one hip. These vessels are made of all sizes, but those, in general use, contain about half the quantity of an English bucket or less.

Note 17, Page 15, Line 7.

For she was pure, as Ganges' stream,
Ere it hath burst, from the Gowmookh,
A stainless, snow-fed, mountain brook.

The Gowmookh is a rocky cleft or gorge, through which the Ganges bursts, from the Himalaya chain of mountains, into the plains. It is called Gowmookh, from a fancied

resemblance to the mouth^t or face of the cow, the most sacred of animals, in the estimation^e of the Hindoos.

Note 18, Page 18, Line 11.

The Goddess of yon Orb above,
She knows^r our hearts, and will^r forgive.

Chandra, the moon, or the goddess who presides over that luminary, is worshipped by the Hindoos. She is represented seated in a two-wheeled car or chariot, drawn by an antelope, while a pennon indicates, that it is against the wind. By this emblem, the Hindoos may be supposed to typify the irresistible nature, and fleetingness of time.

Note 19, Page 20, Line 10.

And many a lovely spot is there,
Down, by th' Atchaibut's sainted shrine.

The Atchaibut is one of the principal temples of Hindoo worship, at Gyah. It is there, that the concluding ceremonies of all the pilgrimages are performed : for a popular

account, of what these ceremonies consist, see note 2nd, page 110.

Note 20, Page 20, Line 13.

Or where Bhurmjouin, high in air,
Its temple rears, the sacred sign
Of our new birth.

The Bhurmjouin is the name of a lofty conical peak among the hills, in the immediate vicinity of the town of Gyah. It is surmounted by a Hindoo temple, and has altogether a very picturesque and romantic appearance.

Within a few yards of the temple, on the top of the mountain, there is a subterraneous cleft in the rock, and through this, I was given to understand, the pilgrims pass, by way of being born again or regenerated, or as it is expressed in brahminical language, of being twice-born. It would appear that ceremonies, similar to, or with the same object in view, as the baptism of the Christian faith, were performed prior to the time of our Saviour. In the Hindoo scriptural writings the word twice-born is of common occurrence, and in our own scriptures, we read of persons of the Jewish faith

being baptised unto Moses. John the Baptist likewise baptised, previous to the time of Jesus Christ. The Hindoos endeavoured to imitate the process of being born again more literally, and they forced themselves through clefts in rocks, which had become sanctified by time ; or they dug subterraneous caves, in the earth or rock, for the same purpose. I have been informed, that a natural cleft, perhaps similar to those above mentioned, exists somewhere in the vicinity of Dumfries in Scotland, and that it still goes by the name of the Maiden's Bower, I believe from its being considered a criterion, in doubtful cases, in which the validity of pretensions to that state are to be determined. Can this be some stray tradition, that has come down to us, straggling through the mist of ages, till it has lost its way ? Those, who have not had the advantage of personal observation, in the East, may derive a good deal of information, on this subject, from the perusal of Mr. O'Brien's work, on the Round Towers of Ireland, and of M : Volney's elegant dissertation on the Ruins of Empires.

Note 21, Page 21, Line 1.

Or, by Ramsillah's wooded hill.

The Ramsillah is a detached hill, covered with brush-wood, and surmounted by one or more Hindoo temples. It is situated, on the left bank of the Fulgo, immediately below the town of Gyah, and is held in great religious veneration by the Hindoos.

Note 22, Page 21, Line 4.

Or, where the Fulgo's waters swell,
When he holds his yearly jubilee.

See note 12, on the Fulgo, at page 121.

Note 23, Page 24, Line 14.

I heard the Jackal's piercing cry,
'Twas plaintive, as my own, and yet—

The call of the jackal is occasionally plaintive in the extreme, resembling the cries of a female in agony and distress; at other times, its yells or hootings are, on the contrary, savage and ferocious.

Note 24, Page 25, Line 4.

What? though to glut his fierce desire,
Were but to rob the stream or pyre.

It is almost superfluous to remind the reader, that the Hindoos burn their dead, the very poorest classes sometimes only half burn the body, and then push it into the stream. Some particular tribes bury their dead; of these, the Aheers or Gwallahs are one—perhaps the only one. The Mohunts or religious superiors of Bood'h-Gyah are likewise buried; but their cemetery is the only thing approaching to a Hindoo burial ground, that I recollect to have seen. The Ganges, and its tributary streams may be said to be all but the universal grave of that portion of India, through which they take their course; where there is no river near, a tank or lake supplies the deficiency. A Hindoo funeral, generally speaking, is attended by no circumstances of pomp or outward show. Four of the male relatives or friends of the deceased take up the charpoy, or low light stretcher, on

which the person has died, and on which the body is allowed to remain, on their shoulders, and convey it to the river side, towards sun-set. Firewood has been prepared, and the body is consumed to ashes, which are thrown into the river. On other occasions, persons are taken to the banks of the river to die, when they are considered, to be in a hopeless state, and scenes, on such occasions, are said occasionally to be enacted, which are utterly inconsistent with our ideas of humanity.

Suttees or self-immolation on the piles of their deceased husbands, by Hindoo women, it is no doubt, generally known, were utterly abolished by the late Lord Wm. Bentinck, to his immortal honor.

Note 25, Page 27, Line 17.

The huge crane too ; while down below,
The jackal, and the wild dog wait.

The huge adjutant-bird, (the argeela,) is here alluded to. Scenes like that described in the text, if not more horrible,

are by no means uncommon ; indeed, between Calcutta and the mouth of the Hooghly, they may be daily witnessed. Perhaps a dog and some vultures are disputing over some carcass, human or other, the crows keeping at a respectful distance, or displaying their activity, by snatching a hasty mouthful, while two or three adjutants, already gorged and sated, are perched aloft, on the topmost boughs of the tree adjacent. Sometimes, a corpse is to be seen rapidly carried along by the stream, while a solitary vulture goes passenger, busily employed, in making a hearty meal, as he sails along.

Note 26, Page 29, Line 2.

The Bel and Genda's mingled bloom,
The Champa, with its rich perfume.

The first is a species of Jasmine, and the second a beautiful, large, and rich marigold. The Champa is a sweet smelling flower, held in great estimation by the Hindoos. It is of a yellow color, and the tree, which bears it, grows

to a large size, or at any rate to one larger, than that generally attained, by flowering shrubs. These garlands the natives of India make by stringing the flowers of plants, generally of one particular plant, on a thread, in the same manner, as we make a necklace or rosary.

The art of conveying symbolical messages in the manner alluded to in the text, though not unknown in this portion of India, is seldom or never practised; perhaps it is but little needed.



NOTES
TO THE
S U N • Y A S S E E.

CANTO SECOND.

Note 1, Page 39, Line 18.

I took my sabre, in my hand,
My good shield, at my back, was slung.

This description is quite consistent with the manners of the East. In the Upper Provinces of India, a considerable portion of the populace go armed, and very few think of travelling, without being so. The equipment, described in the text, is the common one, for a person on foot ; the horseman occasionally carries the spear and shield, or these two along with the sabre.

Note 2, Page 40, Line 3.

I girt my loins, and took my way—

To gird the loins is a very common phrase in Scripture, which is in hourly use, and is as often exemplified in India. The kummur-bund or girdle is there worn by all the natives ; it is generally taken off, when they wish to be at ease, and is again had recourse to, when duty or labour calls. To appear without it, or the turban, or with the shoes on, before a person of any consequence, is considered to be a great mark of disrespect offered. In Calcutta these peculiarities in the native manners are rapidly disappearing.

Note 3, Page 41, Line 15.

Or when presaging doom and woe
To mightiest states, and realms below,
Amid high Heaven, with mantle dun,
The demon Rahoo veils the sun.

The Hindoo religion would appear to be somewhat like Slawkenbergius's story,—to have seven meanings ; in the

present instance it has three, and perhaps several more. I proceed to mention a few of these. Rahoo, who is represented with his head,—or with his head, neck and arms only, is the planet of the ascending node, and Ketoo, who on the other hand, is represented with his body and members, but without his head, is the planet of the descending node.

The following is the priestly legend on the subject. Rahoo is described to have been a horrible monster with four arms, and the lower part of whose body ended in a tail, like that of a dragon ; it was his great delight to sow dissension among the gods, and on the occasion of churning the ocean for the water of immortality, he disguised himself like one of them, and received a portion of it. The fraud having been discovered, Vishnoo severed his head and two of his arms, from the rest of his body. The nectareous liquid however, which he had drank, secured his immortality, and accordingly the upper part of the body still lives, and is known as Rahoo, and the lower portion as Ketoo. Rahoo is worshipped in misfortune, and to avert the approach

of evil spirits, malignant diseases, earthquakes, comets, &c. and especially during an eclipse. Such is the Brahminical legend. The popular superstitions are much more gross. One is, that during an eclipse, Rahoo swallows the luminary concerned, but that having no lower part or body, he is of course obliged again to disgorge it; a second superstition is, that the sun hides, or veils himself, to avoid the defilement, which would result from the touch of some low caste or unclean person, who is pursuing him : such are some of the popular superstitions on the subject, most of which no doubt are founded on astronomical allegory more or less corrupted. By all classes of Hindoos, eclipses particularly if complete or total, are supposed to forebode great misfortune, and the people beat drums, and blow horns and shells, or give gifts to domes, the most impure caste of persons, and proceed to the river to purify themselves by prayer and ablution, according, I imagine, as they may believe in the first, or second of the above superstitions. The gifts given on these occasions are supposed to be doubly meritorious, and

efficacious, perhaps on the principle of a friend in need being a friend indeed. For further information on Astronomical allegory, see Volney's Ruins of Empires.

Note 4, Page 41, Line 16.

Already Tippoo overthrown,
What state with them could cope, alone.

Tippoo Sooltan, the son of Hyder Alee, and sovereign of the independent state of Mysore was overthrown by the British Government, during the administration of the Marquess of Wellesley. In the assault and capture of the Fort of Seringapatam, on the 4th of May 1799, Tippoo was killed, as described in the text, and the sovereignty of Mysore passed from his family. His descendants still reside under surveillance, at Russah, near Calcutta.

Note 5, Page 43, Line 1.

Yes ! I will all forget his creed,
Even for that last, and bravest deed.

It could scarcely be expected that the Hindoos, and particularly the warlike class of them, the Rajpoots or Chit-

trees, should think or speak favorably of the Moohummadans; the latter not only over-ran and enslaved their country, but having a particular detestation of idols, from the precepts inculcated in the Koran, they mutilated every Hindoo image, which they could lay their hands on. By such of the Hindoos, as speak English, the Moohummadans are occasionally called Moors or Moormen.

Note 6, Page 43, Line 12.

Next sank the Peishwa's vaunted sway,
Through British craft, and civil strife.

Formerly the Peishwah was the head of the Mharattah empire, a confederacy not very dissimilar to that, which long existed in Europe, under the name of the German Empire. The name signifies minister, and such the Peishwahs originally were of the Rajah of Sattarah; His Highness however prided himself more, in being the spiritual head of the Empire, and the consequence was, that his house fell into comparative insignificance, and that the

Peishwahs became *de facto*, the head of the Mharattah Government.

The circumstance, alluded to in the poem, is that of the Peishwah having made an alliance with the British Government, during the administration of the Marquess of Wellesley, by which he entrusted the defence of his kingdom to the English, while he retained the Civil Government in his own hands. In the Pindarree war of 1817, the last Peishwah, after little more than a course of continued and devious flight, ultimately surrendered himself to Sir John Malcolm and now remains a state prisoner, on a handsome allowance, at Bittoor near Cawnpore.

Note 7, Page 44, Line 7.

Scindiah and Bhonslah was the cry
Of those, who knew the mystery.

The name of Scindiah must be familiar to every one, at all acquainted with the affairs of the East, as that of a powerful, independent, native prince. He is the head of

the Gwalior Government, and may be said to have been in a state of ceaseless warfare with the British Government, during the Marquess of Wellesley's administration. Bhonslah, pronounced Bhooslah, is the family name of the Rajah of Nagpore or Berar. The then Rajah of Berar was in alliance with Scindiah, when their conjoint armies were defeated at the battle of Assaye.

Note 8, Page 45, Line 15.

And yet, had Holkar's arm been joined,
A fairer wreath we might have twined.

The name of Jeswunt Row Holkar is, no doubt, familiar to every one acquainted with the History of British India, about the commencement of the present century. He was the head of the Holkar state, the capital of which is Indore. His whole life was one of unceasing activity, marauding, and warfare ; in the latter, with some striking exceptions, he was generally successful, until he encountered the British troops in his last campaigns. His subsequent fate is sketched in the Poem.

Note 9, Page 46, Line 12.

A wretch, who never knew, is near,
A patriot thought, or patriot's tear,
His country's curse and bane.

Holkar was invited by Scindiah, and the Rajah of Berar, to join their arms in opposing the English, and had agreed to do so ; he was in the act of crossing the Nurbuddah, with the whole of his army for that purpose, when he was dissuaded, by that soldier of fortune Ameer Khan, then a mere adventurer ; to this circumstance the text must be understood to allude.

Note 10, Page 46, Line 14.

The times were changed, the hour was gone,
Laswarree, and Assaye were done.

When Holkar took the field to oppose the British Government, Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar had both been subdued. The army of Scindiah was disastrously defeated at Laswarree, in the North of Hindoostan, by Lord Lake on the 1st of November 1803 ; about the same period,—

indeed earlier, on the 23rd of September of the same year, the combined armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar were, in like manner, signally defeated in the South of India, in the battle of Assaye, by the Duke of Wellington, then Major-General Wellesley.

Note 11, Page 47, Line 14.

If Poonah's fight were yet forgot,
Or Oogin's route remembered not.

On both the occasions alluded to, Holkar displayed great gallantry, particularly at Poonah. "His enemies," Sir John Malcolm remarks, "commenced the action, and were
"successful in forcing a body of his horse to retreat;—
"Jeswunt Row, the instant he observed this retrograde
"movement, sprang upon his horse, and addressing a
"small party of his men, advised all who did not intend
"to die or conquer, to save themselves, and return to their
"wives and children. As for me, he exclaimed, I have
"no intention of surviving this day; if I do not gain the

“victory where can I fly to?” Again—“At Poonah he
“led the charge on Scindiah’s guns, and being dismounted,
“and pulled from his horse, by an Artillery officer of great
“strength, he wrestled with his enemy on foot, till one of
“his attendants came to his aid, and after slaying his
“antagonist, remounted him.”—The same author proceeds
—“The Patans of Ameer Khan, who had been the first
“to turn their backs, at the commencement of the day, were
“now the most forward to plunder; they had reached the
“skirts of the city, and began the work of pillage and
“massacre, when Jeswunt Row ordered some of his own
“guns to play upon them. It was the only order, the
“Patans would have obeyed; but they did not wholly
“desist, till a party of them trying to force the safeguards
“that were sent to protect the place, Jeswunt Row,
“wounded as he was, galloped to the spot, and slew two
“or three of them, with his spear. He, on this occasion,
“as at Ooguin, displayed a remarkable degree of personal
“energy.”—*Malcolm’s Central India.*

Note 12, Page 48, Line 2.

That he, for that, must be a knave,
A thought, thou knowest the vulgar have.

The people of India, for I believe the idea is not confined to the Hindoos, suppose that a person with any obliquity of vision, or defect of that nature, must be a rogue.

Note 13, Page 50, Line 3.

The horrors of thy stream Bunnas,
Mokundra's or Biana's Pass.

All of these names indicate localities, in which the British troops encountered great disasters, in their retreat under the Hon'ble Colonel Monson, before the armies of Holkar in 1804.

Note 14, Page 50, Line 7.

Why dwell, upon my country's fall ?
Repulsed from Delhi's feeble wall,

For an account of the gallant defence of Delhi, made in 1804, by the late Major-General Sir David Ochterlony,

then Lieutenant-Colonel.—See *Mill's History of British India, Vol. VI. page 480.*

Note 15, Page 50, Line 14.

Unable in fair field to cope,
With those proud legions high in hope,
We hastened to Bhurtpore,

Holkar's infantry was disastrously defeated under the walls of Deig, in 1804, by General Fraser, who was mortally wounded, in the action ; the fortress was subsequently taken. Holkar's cavalry were in like manner defeated at Futtyghur, about the same time. The following is Mill's account of this action :—

“ He (Lord Lake) halted only to refresh his men and
“ horses, and marching with the cavalry, early in the
“ night, came up with the enemy before daybreak. They
“ were encamped close under the walls of Furruckabad,
“ and were taken by surprise. The execution done upon
“ them was therefore prodigious ; and their resistance in-
“ considerable. Several discharges of grape being given

“ to them, from the horse artillery, the cavalry advanced,
 “ and put them to the sword : many of the horses were
 “ still at their picquets, when the British cavalry pene-
 “ trated into their camp. From the 31st of October,
 “ when they departed from Delhi, the British troops had
 “ daily marched a distance of twenty-three or twenty-four
 “ miles : during the day and night preceding the attack,
 “ they marched fifty-eight miles ; and from the distance,
 “ to which they pursued the enemy, must have passed
 “ over a space of more than seventy miles, before they
 “ took up their ground.”—*Mill's British India, Vol. VI.*
page 487.

Note 16, Page 50, Line 15.

And joyed, if men could joyance take,
 In streams of blood, that well might slake
 A tyrant's thirst of gore ;

The fortress of Bhurtpore was four different times
 stormed, by the army under Lord Lake, in 1805 ; it was
 not taken, until it was stormed and captured by the

British army, under Lord Combermere, in the commencement of 1826.

Note 17, Page 52, Line 1.

They say, Secundur saw of yore,
The Hyphasis of poet's theme,
And many a visionary's dream.

The Beah, one of the five tributaries, which form or run into the Indus, and which give to the tract of country, through which they take their course, the name of the Punjab, (or five rivers.)

The Beah was called the Hyphasis, by the Greeks, and has been the subject of much speculation, as the supposed limit of Alexander the Great's progress, in his career of conquest, towards India. The name Alexander is written, and pronounced Secunder, by the natives of Hindoostan.

Note 18, Page 56, Line 4.

And now sleeps quiet, in his tomb,
Fast by Bampoorah's wall.

Bampoorah is a city of Malwah, in central India ; near

it, Jeswunt Row Holkar lies buried, and over his remains a Mausoleum of stone has been erected.

Note 19, Page 57, Line 2.

Pindarrahs of the wild !

The Pindarrees are, or rather were, organized hordes of plunderers, who subsisted principally, among the fastnesses, on the borders of the different native states, in central India. Their depredations were less commonly committed, in those states, which gave them protection, and their existence was accordingly in some measure winked at, on account of the services, which they occasionally performed to their respective sovereigns, during war. These hordes were, I may say, utterly extirpated, by the late Marquess of Hastings, in the Pindarree war of 1817.

Note 20, Page 59, Line 2.

And gaily bedeck'd is his Dukhunnee barb.

The Dukhun, literally the south, is that part of India, which lies south of the Nurbuddah, and between it and

the Taptee : it is celebrated, in India, for its breed of horses.

Note 21, Page 60, Line 8.

We dwelt, by the Nurbuddah's stream,
And many a lonely dell is there.

The Nurbuddah is a stream of very considerable magnitude, which rises in the highest table-land of central India, and after a long course, falls into the sea, on the western coast of the Peninsula, at Baroach. It is however only navigable for small craft, for about a hundred miles from its mouth, owing to the rocky, and irregular nature of its bed. The following is a somewhat highly colored picture of a rapid, in its course, at Bherah Ghaut, about ten miles from Jubbulpore. “ But let us look once more on the
“ Nurbuddah. Hark ! hear ye not already his distant roar
“ like the sound of a sea-shell, in your ear ? Lo ! there he
“ comes with mountains, for his banks, clothed in their
“ ever-green forests ; but let us proceed somewhat closer,

“ and we stand upon the very verge of the precipice, and
“ behold his mass of waters dashing along a bed of white
“ marble, and now, with ceaseless roar, bursting through
“ a chasm, so narrow, that a bold-hearted mountaineer
“ might leap across it ; but though the fall be slight and
“ not unbroken, wo be to him that falls into the gulf below ;
“ now follow the stream in its deep and narrow channel,
“ and then look on its dry and uncovered bed, where the
“ strata of white marble shoot up their peaks, like those
“ of snow-capt mountains in the distance.

“ At the Hurn Pahl, a place lower down, the op-
“ posite edges of the mountains are merely divided by the
“ river ; the name of the Hurn Pahl is derived, from the
“ circumstance of the river being here so obstructed, by
“ large masses of basalt, rising about ten or eleven feet
“ above the ordinary level of the stream, and giving pas-
“ sage to the river, through three very narrow channels,
“ across each of which, it is supposed an antelope could
“ bound.”

The scenery along the banks of the Nurbuddah, in so far, as I have had an opportunity of observing, is wild, wooded, and picturesque in the extreme.

Note 22, Page 62, Line 3.

But deem not that we seek his stream,
To scare away some guilty dream.

To drink the waters of the Ganges, or to bathe in the stream is considered by the Hindoos, as highly salutary in a spiritual sense. All Hindoo witnesses, in Indian courts of law, have heretofore been sworn by the Ganges' water, a cup of which, with a sprig of myrtle in it, is held in their hands, in the same manner as Christians are sworn by the Scriptures; this is however about to give place to a plain form of adjuration more in accordance with modern and more enlightened views on the subject.

Note 23, Page 63, Line 1.

Beneath the Hilliah Pass, and there.

This is a magnificent mountain Pass, about halfway between the town of Mirzapore and the capital of Rewah;

the scenery at the bottom of the Pass is very beautiful and at the top of it, there is a fine water-fall, in the rainy season. During the hot season, the bed of the stream, which is merely a mountain-torrent, is quite dry, or nearly so. The following is a description of the fall in question.

“ Pass we at present the beautiful and romantic valley of
“ Myheer ; pass we the fair and cultivated province of
“ Rewah, its neat capital, washed by the Tonse, and all
“ his unrivalled Falls, and we are now about to descend
“ the Hilliah Pass. But mark yon brawling little mountain
“ torrent, foaming in its track, which we found it rather
“ difficult, if not dangerous to pass ; step fifty yards aside
“ and you stand upon the verge of a precipice, over which,
“ with one bound, it rushes in unbroken fall, for perhaps
“ two hundred feet, till in its descent it becomes nothing
“ but one white sheet of foam ; while the roaring, crashing
“ and crackling of the huge rocks below bespeak their
“ agony, and the craggy precipices on either side, dark as
“ Erebus, and dripping with spray, look on its tortures,
“ with unalterable mien.”

Note 24, Page 63, Line 3.

To sound the shroffs of Mirzapore,
What gold they had, and where ?

Mirzapore is a very handsome city, though not one of the first class, in magnitude. It is situated on the right bank of the Ganges, about thirty miles above Benares. It is considered the key of the Dukhun, or central part of India, and is a great mart for all sorts of merchandize, particularly cotton.

Note 25, Page 65, Line 3.

We passed Rhotass, that towering stood,
High beetling o'er the silver flood ;

For an account of the fortress of Rhotassghur, *see note 13th to Canto third.*

Note 26, Page 65, Line 15.

By Baroon's Ghaut, to Bhelah's caves.

The great military road, from the lower to the upper provinces of India, crosses the Soane, at the ghaut, or fer-

ry, at Baroon. The remarkable caves at Bhelah are probably mithratic, and to this supposition, the text of the poem has reference. For information, regarding the uses or purposes of mithratic caves, I beg to refer the reader to Note 20 to Canto first, page 127, on the subject of the Bhurmjouin. The following account of the outward appearance of these extraordinary excavations is taken from the tale of fiction, to which I have already, more than once, referred.

“ Asmaun Singh now turned his steps homewards,
“ visiting the caves at Bhelah, by the way. He passed
“ the *Kouwa Doul*, that airy pinnacle, on the summit of
“ which a huge mass of rock is so delicately poised, that
“ a crow alighting on it, it is supposed, might make it
“ tremble, and hence its name. The Rajah looked with
“ reverence on the religious sculptures, which surround-
“ ed its base, the work of ages too remote, for even tradi-
“ tionary lore. About a mile from this, arose a chain of
“ rocky mountains, consisting of huge loose masses of

“ stone, from amongst which, the rains of ages appeared
“ to have washed away every particle of earth, which had
“ perhaps once given them form, and consistence.

“ They were, in short, the skeletons of mountains. On
“ nearer inspection however, it was found that they were
“ traversed in different places, by strata, in which the un-
“ wearied and indefatigable industry of man had hewn out
“ chambers, in the solid rock. There were six or seven of
“ these, made at different places, some of which were as
“ large, as a spacious apartment. In all of them, the
“ walls in the interior were as smooth as polished marble,
“ or rather as polished granite, for of the latter, the strata
“ of rock consisted. There were a few inscriptions
“ observable on the doorways, but of so old a character,
“ as to be illegible, by any of the Rajah’s followers. In
“ short the caves, or rather the excavations at Bhelah, had
“ survived the names of those, who dug them, and the very
“ purpose, for which they had been excavated, had now
“ become the sport of mystery, and doubt.”

Note 27, Page 69, Line 10.

He knew me ; tho' my turban's fold.
Downward, beneath my chin, was rolled,
As mail-clad warriors, of yore
In fight, their visors wore.

Some of the native horsemen or suwars, when in the humour of showing off a little, before the fair sex, are in the habit of wearing the turban, in the manner here described, which gives them a particularly martial appearance. In action, it would afford no doubt great protection, much in the same manner, and to the same parts, as the scales attached to the shako and helmet.

Note 28, Page 71, Line 7.

And passed Bood'h-Gyah's stern, red tower.

This temple, or spire, is one of the most remarkable, I have seen, in India. It is of great height, and corresponding proportions ; it is built of brick, and appears never to have been plastered. It is in several places much worn and decayed, and I should not be greatly surprised

to hear of its having fallen down. It is, I think, appropriated to the Buddhist or Jain worship : some, if not the whole of the images in it, are of that nature, and yet I think, that pilgrims of the brahminical faith likewise worship there, in the course of going through the ceremonies connected with the pilgrimage to Gyah. This subject will be resumed in the following, and in a subsequent note.

Note 29, Page 71, Line 17.

And high, as that, on Shinar's plain,
Built, as the Moorish legends tell,
By Babel's huntsman fell.

The Tower of Babel built by Nimrod, the celebrated hunter, on the plains of Shinar. It is to be recollected, that our Scriptures, particularly the Old Testament, may be said to be common to us, and to the Moohummudans. The Koran appeared to me to be considerably more minute in some instances, than the Old Testament ; but whether such additional information be authentic, I know not : perhaps a portion of it may have been derived, from Jewish records.

Note 30, Page 72, Line 4.

Its hundred haughty prelates sleep,
Each seated, in his vaulted grave.

The Mohunts or superiors of Bood'h-Gyah are all buried, and in the manner related in the text. The small spot, which contains their several tombs of masonry is, I before mentioned, the only thing approaching to a cemetery, belonging to the Hindoos, which I have seen in India.

Note 31, Page 72, Line 5.

And onward still, we reached Dunghye.

This is a beautiful and romantic pass, and valley, situated about twenty-eight miles from Gyah, where the great military road descends, from the high table-land of Hazareebagh, into the plains, as it proceeds towards the Western Provinces.

NOTES
TO THE
SUNYASSEE.

CANTO THIRD.

Note 1, Page 76, Line 1.

Or the Sarus, as he flew o'er head.

The Sarus is a stately and magnificent bird, of a light slate colour approaching to a French gray, belonging to the Stork or Crane species. Its call, as it flies over the wild, and wooded tracks of central India, is very striking and sublime. The Sarus, I believe, is held in great religious veneration, by the Hindoos.

Note 2, Page 76, Line 3.

Or the tinkling of the Bunjarrah's bells,
As he swept, thro' the lone, and wooded dells.

The Bunjarrahs may be said to be the desert merchants of India. They are to be found transversing the wild, and unfrequented tracks of the central parts of the country, with their flocks of cattle grazing, as they go, and laden with grain, cotton, iron, or other articles of internal traffic. They are generally accompanied by their women, if not by their families. At the end of their day's journey, they pile up their goods in the form of a rude fortification, the interior of which is occupied by themselves, and their cattle. In times of war, the Bunjarrahs are generally respected, by the contending armies. The name, I believe, literally signifies, sweepers of the jungle. The tinkling, alluded to in the text, is occasioned, by the bells, which they are in the habit of attaching to the necks of their favorite steers.

Note 3, Page 76, Line 9.

Or the Jogee, with his matted hair,
As he muttered, still, his ceaseless prayer ;

The Jogee is one of the orders of itinerant religious mendicants belonging to the Hindoo faith.

Note 4, Page 80, Line 12.

I gained, at length, the well-known pile,
And hoped to find, in convent cell.

There are several religious edifices at Bood'h-Gyah, but the one here more particularly alluded to, is a college or convent of religious ascetics. I rather think, that they are of the Buddhist faith ; at the head of the institution, there is a Mohunt, or superior, who on occasions of ceremony goes about as described in the text, attended by twenty, thirty or forty of these brethren, but scantily clad, and armed with sticks or bludgeons. The first appearance of this cortege, even to a person accustomed to the East, is very striking.

Note 5, Page 81, Line 13.

Adown the stream, lest I should spy
Scenes, linked so darkly, with my fate.

It has been already mentioned, that the city of Gyah is only about six miles, farther down the stream, than Bood'h-Gyah ; both are situated close to the banks of the Fulgo.

Note 6, Page 84, Line 1.

And bade me seek Sirgoojah's wild,
And tend their rich domain.

The monastery of Bood'h-Gyah, I have understood, is richly endowed with lands, in the districts of Ramghur, and Sirgoojah.

Note 7, Page 85, Line 4.

I roamed a houseless Sunyassee !

The following, though a very imperfect account of the religious ascetics called Sunyassees, I have extracted from the Dictionary of religious ceremonies, for its brevity, and because I have no work by me, at the present moment, to

which I could refer for a better. “ Sunyassees,—a kind
“ of religious order, among the Indian brahmins. They
“ are anchorets, and affect the greatest abstinence, refrain-
“ ing from marriage, and all pleasures in general. They
“ make but one meal and live on alms ; and instead of a
“ copper cup, which others generally carry about with
“ them, they are permitted to use earthenware only. Their
“ clothes are dyed with red earth, and they carry a long
“ bamboo cane, in their hands. They are forbid to touch,
“ either gold or silver, much less are they allowed to
“ carry any, about them. They have no fixed habita-
“ tion, nor lie two nights together in the same place, once
“ a year excepted, when they are permitted to continue
“ together two months, in the same place.

“ The Sunyassees are bound to be always ready to op-
“ pose six enemies, viz. Cama, lust ; Croota, anger ; Lopa,
“ avarice ; Madda, pride ; the love of things of this world ;
“ and Mutsara, revenge.” Vide Hamilton’s Hindoo-
sthan—article Bood’h-Gyah.

Note 8, Page 86, Line 9.

And there, the war-worn veteran weeps.

Many years ago, the sepoy of one of the battalions of the old Fourth Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, in passing the tomb, I think in Bundelkund, of the officer, by whom the corps was raised, worshipped or paid their devotions, at his grave ; I am not sure, whether I was not told, that a fakeer attended at the tomb, or kept a lamp burning there. The battalions of the regiment in question still retain their respective designations of Burra, and Chotah, Crawford, (i. e.) The great and little Crawfords ; they are both very distinguished corps.

Note 9, Page 87, Line 10.

And onward, still, my footsteps led,
To Teoor's city of the dead.

The village of Teoor is situated about five miles from Jubbulpore, towards the Nurbuddah, in a direction between Tilwaree and Bhera gháts. It is remarkable, for the ruins

alluded to in the text ; they are supposed to be those of the ancient Gurrah, the capital of Goandwanah. “ There
“ is now scarcely one stone standing upon another, while
“ the dank, dark, jungle, which grows upon its site, is all
“ but impenetrable. This is indeed desolation ! the crumbling dust of bricks and tiles, for miles around, mark,
“ however, how extensive it once was, and perhaps when
“ there shall be fewer remains, than there now are, may
“ satisfy the inquirer, that it, like Babylon, indeed existed.
“ Yes ! I stood upon the site of a queen’s palace, which is
“ now a shapeless mound or cairn of loose stones, and saw
“ the poor artist dig out large blocks of stone, which had
“ constituted a portion of some colossal idol, to mould them
“ to the more shapeless forms of modern days. The temples
“ of this vanished city of the desert are still standing, and
“ though comparatively small, might vie in solidity of
“ structure, with those of Ægypt.” The temples above
alluded to belong to the Buddhist or Jain worship, and contain many images of great beauty, cut in a very fine

sandstone. The palace is said to have been that of Durgoutee, a queen of the Goands. The following account of this heroic, but ill-fated princess, extracted from Dow's translation of Ferishtah's History of India, is so interesting, that I consider no apology necessary for giving it insertion. In Dow's history, the name is written Durgetti, but I have used that adopted in the text, as being more in accordance, with the pronunciation of the people of the country. “ At that time, the kingdom of Gurrah was
“ governed by a queen, whose name was Durgetti, famous
“ for her beauty, and accomplishments : her dominions
“ were about three hundred miles in length, and one hundred in breadth, yet so flourishing was the country, that
“ in this small track, there were about seventy thousand
“ towns and villages, well inhabited, which had the good
“ fortune, never to have fallen under the dominion of
“ foreigners.

“ Asaph, having heard of the riches of this country, disturbed the peaceable inhabitants, unaccustomed to the

“ sound of war, with constant depredations ; he at length
“ marched against them, with six thousand horse, and
“ about double that number of infantry. The queen, with
“ fifteen hundred elephants, eight thousand horse, and
“ some foot, prepared to oppose him. Like a bold heroine,
“ she led on her troops to action, clothed in armour, with
“ a helmet upon her head, mounted in a castle, upon an
“ elephant, with her bow, and quiver, lying by her side,
“ and a burnished lance in her hand. Though her troops
“ had not been accustomed to action, the love of national
“ independence, and the example of the queen, inspired
“ every breast with a lion’s courage. Their eagerness to
“ engage made them march in disorder, towards the
“ enemy, which the queen observing, commanded them to
“ halt, and forming her line anew, gave her troops strict
“ orders to march on slowly, and compactly, and to ob-
“ serve the signal to engage, when it should be dis-
“ played from the elephant, that carried the royal stand-
“ ard.

“ In this manner, she received the enemy, whom she
“ quickly repulsed, and pressing upon them, laid six hun-
“ dred Mogul horsemen dead on the field ; she pursued the
“ rest till the evening, with great slaughter. When night
“ came on, the queen halted with her army, and gave
“ them orders to wash, and refresh themselves, that they
“ might be prepared for a night attack upon the enemy,
“ before they could recover from their consternation. But
“ her minister, and the rest of her chiefs, less daring, and
“ consequently less prudent, than this heroine, opposed
“ this salutary measure, and seditiously insisted, on return-
“ ing to the field of battle, to bury their friends. She,
“ accordingly, returned unwillingly, and after the dead
“ were burnt, again addressed her chiefs, and solicited
“ them, one by one, to accompany her to storm the Mogul
“ camp : none of them however had the spirit to second
“ her, in this daring enterprize. They vainly imagined,
“ that the enemy would of their own accord, evacuate the
“ country.

“ The chiefs of the little kingdom of Gurrah soon found,
“ that they were fatally frustrated in their hopes. Asaph
“ to wipe away the disgrace, which he had sustained the
“ day before, and finding what enemy he had to deal with,
“ advanced in the morning, towards the queen, with his
“ artillery, which, in the preceding action, he had left be-
“ hind him, on account of the badness of the roads. The
“ queen, upon Asaph’s approach, advanced to a narrow pass
“ and prepared to oppose him. The Mogul, scouring the
“ pass with his artillery, soon opened to himself a way into
“ the plain beyond it, where the queen’s army was drawn
“ up, in order of battle. The prince, Biâr, the queen’s
“ son, a youth of great hopes, as soon as the Moguls came
“ into the plain, made a resolute charge, and exhibited pro-
“ digies of valor. He repulsed the enemy twice, but in the
“ third attack, being wounded, he became faint with loss
“ of blood. When he was just falling from his horse his
“ mother, who was mounted on an elephant, in the front of
“ the Battle, observed her son ready to expire. She im-

“ mediatly called to some of her people, to carry him back
“ to the rear ; many of them accordingly crowded around
“ him, some with a friendly intention to serve him, but
“ more to have an opportunity to quit the field. The loss of
“ the prince, in short, together with the retreat of so many
“ with his person, struck a panic into the rest, so that the
“ unfortunate queen was left, only with three hundred men
“ in the field. Durgetti, however, seemed no wise affected
“ by her desperate situation ; she stood her ground, with
“ her former fortitude, till she received an arrow in her
“ eye ; she endeavoured to extricate it from the wound, but
“ as she tugged it, part of the steel broke short, and re-
“ mained behind. In the mean time, another arrow pass-
“ ed through her neck, which she also drew out, but nature
“ sinking under the pain, a dimness swam before her eyes,
“ and she began to nod, from side to side of the howdah.
“ She, however, recovered from her fainting by degrees ;
“ and a brave officer of her household, by name Adhar,
“ who drove her elephant, singly repulsed numbers of the

“ enemy, whithersoever he turned the outrageous animal.

“ He begged permission, as the day was now irretrievable,

“ to carry the queen from the field. She rejected the pro-

“ posal, with a noble disdain. ‘ It is true’ said she, ‘ we

“ are overcome in war, but shall we ever be vanquished in

“ honour? Shall we for the sake of a lingering ignomini-

“ ous life, lose that reputation and virtue, which we have

“ been so solicitous to acquire? No! let your gratitude

“ now repay that service, for which I lifted up your head,

“ and which I now require at your hands. Haste, I say, let

“ your dagger save me, from the crime of putting a period

“ to my own existence.

“ Adhar burst into tears, and begged, that as the elephant

“ was swift of foot, he might be permitted to leave the field,

“ and carry her to a place of safety. In the mean time, the

“ queen, finding that the enemy crowded fast around her,

“ and that she must be taken prisoner, suddenly leaning

“ forward, seized the dagger of Adhar, and plunging it into

“ her bosom, expired. The death of the queen rendered

“ Asaph’s victory complete. Six Indian chiefs, upon their
“ elephants, still stood firm, and ashamed of being outdone
“ by a woman, dedicated their lives, to revenge the death
“ of the queen.”

Note 10, Page 88, Line 2.

Where, now, Durgoutee, can we trace
The princes of thy vaunted race?

On the walls of a temple, at Ramnuggur, eighteen miles above the fortress of Mundlah, there is an extensive inscription, containing an epitome of the history of no less, than fifty-three Goand monarchs. A translation of this inscription is to be found, I think, in the 15th Vol. of the Asiatic Researches of Bengal. The following account, of the locality, in which the inscription is to be found, may not be altogether uninteresting ; in case, however, the reader should confound Ramnuggur with Teoor, it may be as well to mention, that they are quite distinct, and that they are situated, about sixty miles apart. “The principal

“ objects of attraction were the remains of two palaces of
“ considerable antiquity. The larger one had been magni-
“ ficent, and could scarcely yet, be said to be in ruins.
“ Viewed in connection with the capital of the country, it
“ appeared to have been the Windsor Castle of the Goand
“ monarchs. Its walls and costly cornices, however, were
“ now blackened over, by the smoke of nearly half a vil-
“ lage of poor peasantry, who had found an unmolested
“ refuge, within its walls. It is situated, within a hundred
“ yards of the banks of the Nurbuddah, and commands a
“ view of that river, emerging from the forest, and rushing
“ along its stony bed, with scarcely more, than summer
“ song. Between it and the river, many a tree might still
“ be observed, to mark where a garden had been. The
“ building was of three stories, and enclosed a quadrangu-
“ lar area, in the centre of which, there were still the
“ remains of an extensive reservoir of water. To the south,
“ the front was ornamented with four circular towers, and
“ the apartments, which were large and handsome, with

“ pavilion-shaped ceilings, communicated with the private
“ suite of rooms for the ladies, and were probably intend-
“ ed for their use, on state occasions. To the north, there
“ was an elegant, and spacious staircase, which conducted
“ to apartments equally handsome, the roofs of which were
“ supported, principally on pillars. Here perhaps the court
“ met to enjoy the cool breeze from the river, the luxury
“ of their hookahs, or the pleasures of the dance, as incli-
“ nation prompted. On the top of the east and west sides
“ of the quardrangle, the apartments were of a more sin-
“ gular description. They consisted of a series of small
“ vaulted rooms, alternating with intervening open spaces
“ of equal size, between; each of these I have no doubt
“ formerly contained a hapless female, who, in splendid soli-
“ tude, in vain mourned over the departed joys of her
“ humbler paternal roof, or perhaps pined, in all the jeal-
“ ousy of unregarded charms, over the supposed happier
“ lot of some more favored captive. These female cribs
“ might be made to communicate with each other, but a

“ more singular part of their construction consisted, in the
“ inner wall of the palace being sufficiently thick, to contain
“ a private passage, from which, there was a separate en-
“ trance to each cell.

“ A little to the west of the palace, the royal chapel,
“ containing the original objects of adoration, placed in it by
“ its founder, was still standing ; and on its walls an exten-
“ sive inscription, cut in blue marble, existed in primitive
“ simplicity, containing an epitome of the history of no less,
“ than fifty-three princes.

“ The smaller palace was probably intended, for the dow-
“ ager branches of the family. Both are certainly the most
“ successful specimens, which I have yet witnessed of native
“ architecture. They were probably built, about the time of
“ the Emperor Akbar, during whose reign, this interesting
“ country was overrun, by the armies of the empire, and the
“ sceptre passed, from the hands of its princes, for ever.”—

Recollections of the Nurbuddah—Orient Pearl, Vol. I.

Note 11, Page 89, Line 12.

No more is heard the warriors' tread,
Or deep Nagāra's sound.

The Nagāra or Nukāra is a species of Kettledrum, and is used as an emblem of state and royalty, in the East.

Note 12, Page 90, Line 4.

And from the watchman's steepest tower,
The owl alone proclaims the hour,
The bat flits in the Hall,
For gilding, and for tapestry rare,
The spider weaves its subtile snare,
Along the crumbling wall.

It may be thought that, in this passage, I have approached too closely, alas not in beauty of execution, but in the idea or conception, to a similar one in Lord Byron's works ; the fact is however, that in the present instance neither of us are entitled to the merit of originality : the germ of the thought in both cases probably having been derived from the beautiful and striking picture of desolation contained in the Persian distich, quoted by Sir William Jones in his Grammar : " The Spider weaves its web in the palace of the

“Cesars, and the owl tells the lapse of time from the
“watch-tower of Afrasiab.” In the original, the Persian
word *Noubut* signifies change; it likewise signifies, I believe,
a species of state drum, and is supposed in the present
instance to allude to the martial music played at guard-
mountings. As soldiers and persons employed in keeping
watch, in the East, generally strike the hour on a gong,
much in the same manner as is done on board ship, might
not the expression, failing a more satisfactory solution,
be explained accordingly?

Note 13, Page 91, Line 4.

Yet Ruin, struck with scene so fair,
Seems pausing, as with wish to spare,
Doubtful—if half its tale be told,
Though famed, through countless years of old.

For an account of this magnificent, and I should almost
think, impregnable fortress, I beg to refer the reader to
the following extract from a tale of fiction, which however
is sufficiently accurate, for our present purpose. It may

be as well however to premise, that the description refers to a period of three hundred years back ; the fortress has been for some years unoccupied. It is now utterly deserted, and its buildings are fast falling to ruin and decay.

“ An easy march the following morning brought them
“ to a considerable town, at the bottom of the fortress of
“ Rhotass. It was impossible to survey the scene before
“ them, without awe and astonishment. On gazing to
“ the top of this vast height, no fortress, or building of
“ any sort could be observed, save on one spot, where a
“ small temple of delicate proportions appeared to totter
“ over the precipice. The huge cliffs or barriers rose before
“ them, in solemn and imposing majesty, beetling over
“ the Soane, and the fertile valley, through which it takes
“ its course. No situation can possibly be conceived to be
“ more impregnable, and, accordingly, Rhotasghur can be
“ traced as a place of strength, for upwards of six hundred
“ years before the birth of our Saviour. It is built, not
“ on a mere hill, but on a huge detached portion of the

“ highest table-land of India, containing at top, a square
“ area of at least ten miles ; on two-thirds of the circum-
“ ference, it projects into the valley underneath, in bold
“ relief, and on the remainder, it is separated from the
“ adjacent table-land, by a huge chasm, or deeply wooded
“ glen, of some miles in breadth, through which a stream-
“ let takes its course. There were but three footpaths, or
“ ghauts as they are termed, which led to the top of this
“ vast height, and these were of so abrupt and difficult a
“ nature, as to be almost insurmountable of themselves,
“ and utterly to preclude an enemy from entering, against
“ the slightest opposition or resistance. The ascent occu-
“ pied nearly two miles in length. To the height of about
“ twelve hundred feet it was gradual, but after that, the
“ rock rose for nearly three hundred feet, as perpendicu-
“ larly, as if it had been scarped by the hand of man. The
“ sides of the mountain, if such it can be called, were
“ every where clothed, towards its base, with impervious
“ woods, which were then, as they are now, so infested

“ with tigers, and other beasts of prey, that no traveller
“ could venture to pass through them, unarmed and unac-
“ companied. After the party had satisfied themselves in
“ viewing the exterior of the fortress, they prepared to
“ ascend, and this they were obliged to do on foot, with
“ the exception of Luchmee, who was with great difficulty
“ conveyed up in her litter. Sometimes her bearers
“ moved along narrow ledges of rock, where the slip of a
“ foot would have insured destruction ; yet she felt no
“ alarm, except for Jellal, who all along continued to walk
“ faithfully, by her side. After the perilous ascent,
“ Luchmee alighted from her litter, and could not help
“ being struck with the romantic beauty of the spot. The
“ fields were apparently covered with beautiful woodlands
“ and orchards waving in a cool and refreshing breeze,
“ that inspired new life and vigour into every vein. To
“ look downwards, from the vast height, excited feelings
“ both of terror and delight ; terror at the dreadful and
“ unbroken descent, and delight, as the eye was directed

“ to the magnificent Soane, rolling his mass of crystal
“ waters, through the wide-spreading valley, which they
“ fertilized. At the top of the ascent, the party found
“ horses waiting for them, and proceeded, at a quiet pace,
“ towards the palace, which was about a mile distant from
“ them. On every hand, gardens and orchards were cul-
“ tivated, stocked with the mango, and the choicest fruit
“ trees of India. Villages were to be seen, scattered here
“ and there, the husbandmen were busy at the wells, irri-
“ gating their crops, and now and then the maidens trip-
“ ped lightly and gracefully along, from the adjacent tank,
“ with their water-pots delicately poised upon their heads.
“ In short, Rhotasghur contained within itself a little em-
“ pire, secluded from the world, where Happiness might
“ have been delighted to dwell, if he be indeed a denizen
“ of earth. The palace itself was a beautiful and extensive
“ pile of buildings, consisting of four different squares or
“ quadrangles, in which resided the several branches of
“ the imperial family. The state rooms were spacious

“ and elegant, and there was no lack of those private passages, which are so frequently to be found in the palaces of the East, and which generally lead to the Haram or forbidden apartments.”

Note 14, Page 91, Line 8.

I've watched the Ganges' infant flow,
Where Koosh is clad, in endless snow.

The Koosh of the Hindoos is the Caucasus of the western world.

Note 15, Page 91, Line 10.

Aye! trod the Caspian's tideless shore,
And heard the Euxine's breakers roar.

It is said, that these indomitable fanatics and wanderers, in their roamings, sometimes go as far, as the limits here indicated.

Note 16, Page 91, Line 12.

I've bowed me, in Ellora's cave,
And prayed, above a moslem's grave.

For an account of these magnificent temples or excavations, see Captain Seeley's Wonders of Ellora.

The Hindoos and Moosulmans are now to a certain extent tolerant; they mutually pay some degree of respect to each other's festivals, and they have, in like manner, in some measure adopted the customs of each other. The Hindoos now seclude their women, almost as much as the Moohummudans; on the other hand, no widow of the latter faith now thinks of taking a second husband, although the prophet of Mecca himself married the widow Ayesha.

Note 17, Page 92, Line 6.

Though long to me my loved Behar

Hath been a vain regret, a dream,

Ah! wherefore seek thy wilds, Cachar!

Or the marshes of the Soormah's stream?

Behar was one of the Soubahs or Soubahdarees of the Mogul empire. It is a rich, and extensive province, situated about the middle of Gangetic India. By the natives, its climate is considered neither very hot, nor cold; it is as healthy for them, as almost any other portion of India. The real capital of the province is the overgrown city of Patna; this however constitutes a separate jurisdiction of itself, and

Gyah is now the provincial capital of the district of Behar.

The valley of Cachar is situated, on our eastern frontier, between Sylhet and Munnipore ; the Soormah or Barāk river runs through the middle of the valley, which is marshy, and the climate moist and insalubrious, in the extreme, to the natives of Hindoosthan ; although it is not so, to Europeans.

Note 18, Page 92, Line 16.

Sweet Utter had been seen, to flow,
In yon small well, below.

The locality, here indicated, is situated among the wooded heights, on the left bank of one of the feeders of the Soormah or Barāk, about three miles above the village of Panchgong, in Cachar. The fakeers there show a small phial, which, they say, contains uttur, which has been skimmed off, from a small well, which they point out. If not some priestly imposition, the pretended uttur is probably nothing else, than a little naphtha, or petroleum. In the Burmese empire, which lies to the eastward of Cachar, it is well

known, that the greater portion of the petroleum of commerce is found.

Note 19, Page 93, Line 9.

That ~~er~~ the good, these have no sway ;
But even, if, for the guilty sent,
I scarce could deem me innocent.

Tigers abound in Cachar, and are exceedingly destructive, both to man and beast. The natives of the place entertain a belief, similar to that mentioned in the text, an opinion, which probably forms no inconsiderable portion of the basis of the moral code of that simple people.

Note 20, Page 97, Line 9.

Our thousand gods, alas ! have given
No promise of an after heaven.

The Hindoos believe, in the transmigration of the soul, and as this, according to their belief, will have to pass through an indefinite number of terrestrial forms, and transmutations, before it has arrived at such a degree of per-

fection and purity, as to be incorporated, or associated with the Godhead, their religion fails to inspire the mind, at the hour of death with any degree of comfort or confidence. To this, the text must be understood to allude.

Note 21, Page 102, Line 10.

My wealth is hid, an ample store,
Go, give it, to the poor.

From this, it would appear, that the Sunyassee never did belong to the monastery at Bood'h-Gyah, but that he was merely a novice, as it were. When a man becomes a Hindoo ascetic, all ties of consanguinity are broken, and cease to operate; at first he is a Chelah or disciple himself, and as such inherits from his teacher or superior; in the course of time, he comes to have his own chelaks or disciples, and whatever wealth he may acquire, and leave, is inherited by them.

Note 22, Page 104, Line 9.

Yet once, it was my wish, and hope
To sleep, upon the far hill-top,
That looks o'er Chirkee's well-known plain,
And o'er Bood'h-Gyah's rich domain.

Chirkee is a very small village, situated half-way, between Sherghottee and Gyah; about a mile to the west of it, there is a rugged circular hill, that rises abruptly from the plain. It is covered with brushwood, and has altogether a very picturesque appearance. This hill is seen from a considerable distance, all around, and is probably the one alluded to; I am thus particular, in case the inhabitants of the sacred city should hereafter wish to raise a pillar or obelisk, on the site indicated, to the memory of the Sun-yassee.



MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

STANZAS.

LADY ! tho' we shall never meet again,
Tho' I shall view my native land, no more ;
Tho' I would fain forget thee,—'tis in vain,
Thine image rises brightly, as before,
Marring, with that sweet form, which should have
 bless'd
The little now, that's left to me, of rest.

I would remind thee of our earlier hours,
But that were idle, for I feel secure,
Thy heart shall own the passion, and its power,
Long as, in mine, its memory shall endure ;
I will not sue, that thou should'st bid it live,
Nor ask forgetfulness, thou can'st not give.

Since then, it hath been mine to wander o'er
Full many a distant land, thou knowest not,
Where the Palm rises, from the lowly shore,
Unlike the rock-girt isle—not yet forgot,
Lashed by its billows, in their foamy strife,
Fanned by its breezes, redolent of life.

'Twere useless to recall each varied scene,
Of an unsettled, desultory life ;
'Twere bootless to recount, where I have been,
The much, that I have known of joy or strife,
Blended, and dashed, as it has been with grief,
The sorrow, to which years bring no relief.

My heart hath been all passion,—that is o'er,
And I can feel, at times, within my breast,
A quiet, which it seldom knew before ;
But I have other cares to break my rest ;
And the sad thought, that we shall never meet,
Withers the buds of hope, however sweet.

Our fates have been—how different ; yet the same ;
Different as winter's storm, from summer's eve ;
Different in all ; save the undying flame,
O'er which, 'tis ours, in hopelessness, to grieve ;
Not native scenes content could yield to thee,
What wonder, exile gave it not to me.

Tho' thou art changed ; yet thou shalt never change,
Not in my heart, at least ; for from that place,
Shall neither time, nor circumstance estrange
Thine image, as it was, in pristine grace ;
Tho' it were now more fair, it could not be
Dearer or lovelier, than it was to me.

And I am changed ; the fever of my mind,
And woes unjustly heaped, upon my head,
Have left the furrows, which they did not find ;
I will not say, how deep my heart hath bled,
How I have borne my griefs,—or ill or well,
It is enough,—we meet no more ;—farewell.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

AND shall not I one feeble line essay,
To save thy name, from dull oblivion's blight,
My more than brother¹ ;—for affection's ray,
On thee, shone softer, with a purer light ;
For, that thou hadst our mother's eyes, so bright,
And wert the youngest, and her latest joy ;
Hadst grown up, mid our kindness ;—our delight,
Was centred in thee,—well the hero boy
Had those fond hopes fulfilled, our pride 'twas to
enjoy.

One year beheld him doff his school-boy garb,
And buckle on the panoply of war ;
And graceful, could he rein his prancing barb,
And ardent was his heart :—the only star,
That shone, for him, was fame ;—eno' afar
In Arracan he sleeps,—his only grief,
To fall, without one honorable scar ;
But round his dying brow, the victor's leaf
Was fresh—and 'twas his joy—his course, alas ! too
brief.

A column marks the spot, where all remains,
Of what was once so noble, and around,
On wooded eminence, and marshy plains,
The frequent, undistinguished, grassy mound,

(The cells of his companions), marks the ground,
Where Pestilence gorged her thousands of the brave,
And all were sick ;—till there was heard no sound,
Nor prayer, nor volley, o'er the soldier's grave,
To consecrate his bed,—beyond the Maio's wave².

Happy thy mother !—ere thy tale was known,
Her mind had been o'ershadowed ; and the same,
That, fondly, lighted up the youthful dawn
Of thine, was clouded, and the bright flame
Extinguished by disease—till she became
A sister's care, in this her helpless state,
And she will, still, repeat her Charles's name :
Peace be with her.—It was thy wish, and fate,
To sleep, where thou hadst trod, with victory elate.

LAMENT
FOR LORD BYRON.

AND art thou, Byron, with the dead,
And vanish'd that immortal fire,
That breathed, that burned along thy lyre,
Till tyrants trembled, as they read ;
And hath thy country nought to say ?
Could all her genius yield no lay,
To consecrate a Poet's grave ?
Nor living valor spare a tear,
To hallow thine, untimely, bier,
In freedom's cause,—amid the brave.

It matters not ;—a time will come,
Thy hardened country shall repent,
In sackcloth, and all wildly sent,
Her sons, in other climes, shall roam ;
Like Pilgrims follow, o'er the brine,
And all, but worship, at thy shrine.
That humble tribute, to thy name,
A sister gave, shall be more dear,
Than those, thy country yet shall rear,
Like Burns's, thro' remorse, and shame.

Thy heavenly harp is, now, unstrung,
And cold the hand, that o'er its wires,
With master's power, awoke its fires,
In notes of liberty, which rang ;
Till Bondsmen roused them, from their sloth,

And freemen armed them, in their wrath,
And tyranny relaxed her chain,
Warned, by the sullen roar, she heard,
That murmur deep, and loud, which stirred,
The nations, like an angry main.

And art thou dead, and lowly laid,
Thy noon of glory set, in night,
Ere bared thy sabre, in the fight,
It was thy wish, thou shouldst have led ?
But grateful Greece shall not forget,
But pay, thy fame, the sacred debt ;
Shall raise, for thee, who died to save,
A column, on yon dizzy steep,
That looks, along thy once lov'd deep,
Where gleams Colonna's, o'er the wave.

Hark ! heard ye not that voice of wail ?
In deepest bitterness of grief,
A nation mourns, for a lov'd chief,
And Grecian maids, with cheeks all pale,
Nay Greece hath borne him, to the tomb,
Beneath the waving cypress gloom ;
And there, he should have lain ; for why
Did Britain bear, beyond the wave,
His dust reluctant, to a grave,
Unhonored 'neath her hostile sky ?

TO LEILAH.

OH ! tell me, why thou art so dear ?

What binds me, in this spell to thee ?

Thy voice is music, to my ear,

Which hush'd—earth hath no charm for me ;

Thou art the form, my youthful fancy wrought :

Thou art the all,—this bosom ever sought.

Thy smile is dearer, than the spoil,
In glitt'ring heaps, to misers' eyes ;
The sigh is sweeter, than thy smile,
That bids thy billowy bosom rise ;
Tho' others fair, as Parian marble glow,
As coldly burns the lamp of love, below.

Thy large black eye, as saints' cast down,
Is like the lightning, in its cloud ;
Till eye meets eye, and wildly own
The love, that flashes, from its shroud ;
That speaks at once the mind, uncurbed by art,
As sorrow melts,—or passion fires the heart.

Thy breath is sweeter, than the gale,
That's borne, o'er Irun's garden queen³ ;
Thy voice is softer, than the tale,
The Bulbul⁴ sings to her, at e'en ;
Thy lip is redder, than his blushing bride⁵,
To me more sweet,—than all the world beside.

What ? tho' thy sun, with deeper blush,
That soft, soft cheek, in envy drest ;
In vain 'twould hide the tides, that rush,
And mantle, o'er thy lovely breast ;
Tho' fair the form, that decks the northern dame ;
How cold's her love, to thy wild heart of flame.

Though, I must bid my heart forget,
(Oh say not, to despair above ;)
The all,—I ever loved, as yet ;
Tho' ours, on earth, be hopeless love ;
Yet shall my verse, for evermore, entwine
Thy cherished name, inseparably with mine.

HERO AND LEANDER.

IN this black night, what lonely star,
Thus singly gleameth, from afar,
Across the Hellespont's broad wave,
That rudely dashes, in each cave,
And 'mong the rocks on Helle's shore,
That echo, to its angry roar ?
Is it the unextinguished flame,
That ceaseless burns, to Vesta's name ?
Or does it rise, o'er Venus' shrine ?
No goddess ! but the priestess thine.
It lures, to tempt that stormy water,
For her, fair Sestos' fairest daughter.

He came “The waves are rough, to-night,
“But yet, how near, that faithful light ;
“Tho’ fierce, the billows lash the shore,
“How sweet the smile, that wiles me o’er,
“And should I fail, what doubts will tear,
“That heart, too fond, suspense to bear ;
“In vain they threat, and toss them free,
“My Hero ! when they bear to thee.”

He plunged in, the sullen wave;
In its wild wrath, refused to save.

All mournful, in her lonely tower,
Sate Hero, to the midnight hour.

I knew, Leander could not brave
The storm, to-night, on Helle’s wave.
’Tis wise, his love I cannot fear,
And yet, some fiend is whispering near.

Cease, Hero ! cease, to doubt that heart,
Which death alone, from thee, could part ;
Leander hath no earthly grave ;
He sleeps, as sound, beneath the wave.

She spoke no word, nor beat her breast ;
But sought the flood, and was at rest—

O'er them, was sung no funeral wail,
Save, when at night, with fitful swell,
Far, far, the Hellespont's deep roar
Sounds mournful, o'er th' Ægean shore.

TO NEWLANDS.

WHAT fairy dwelling bursts, upon my sight,
Embower'd, amid its groves of richest hue⁶,
Slumbering, as steeped, in some Lethean dew ;
While high behind, the mountain's massy height,
Rises sublime, in its embattled might,
Buttress o'er buttress of the living rock,
Crowned with its cloudy cap, with ceaseless mock,
That braves the southern gale' ; but Lo ! alight,
And view its softer scenes, its avenues,
Its gardens, and its grounds, where hundred rills,
Fresh from the rock, their coolness round diffuse.
Newlands ! thou wert, and thou art princely still,
And thy lone state, which so the heart imbues,
In mine, a softer, sadder, thought instils.

MOONLIGHT SCENE.

ON Ganges' stream, the moon shines bright,
And swift the skiff glides, on its breast ;
The waves are rippling, in its light,
And all is fair, and still, at rest.

The stately palm, its banks along,
High rears its head, amid the trees ;
There's scarce a breath, to wake the song,
Its leaves sing, nightly, to the breeze.

A hundred barks, at anchor ride,
The neighbouring city's walls below ;
The lordly domes, upon its side,
Far, o'er the wave, their shadows throw.

There is a stillness, in the hour,
There is a magic, in the scene,
That, o'er the spirit, hath a power,
To wake the thought of what hath been.

FROM HAFIZ.

AGAIN, on earth, the vernal showers
Descend, and make all nature glad ;
Again, the brown Savannahs wide,
Are decked, in green, and gayest flowers,
And joyful, now, the Bulbul sad,
Hears tidings of his blushing bride.

How softly, now, the zephyr blows !
Ah ! wanderer, if thou comest again,
To bear the sweets, by nature given ?
Then gently woo the opening rose,
And from the gloomy cypress drain
The odours, which they waft to heaven.

My heart is chill, my locks are hoar,
And hope but points, beyond the tomb ;
Then beauty cease, with cunning art,
To wake the throb, that beats no more,
To tear me, from my hallowed gloom,
And, from my God, distract my heart.

There are, who veiled, in look severe,
Contemptuous, smile, upon the bowl,
And all the joys, which wine inspire :
That hypocrite, too oft, I fear,
To midnight shrines resigns his soul,
That burn not, with chaste Vesta's fire.

All hail Religion ! maid divine,
Blest be thy servants, evermore ;
Remember youth ! her mighty sway,
When Noah's Ark, upon the brine,
Amid conflicting billows roar,
Unharm'd, pursued its trackless way.

Cease, to court the inconstant world,
Nor boast of fortune's favors won,
'Tis all a chance ; to-morrow's noon
May see thy house, in ruin hurled ;
That state of splendor past, and gone,
Thou could'st not deem, would fade so soon.

Mine be the draughts, my Magian Boy !
Of spirit, which the spirit heal ;
And when they're quaffed, those stores of thine
I'll search, in quest of other joys,
Greedy, their choicest treasures steal,
And, only, drain the cup divine.

That helpless, restless insect, man,
Ceaseless, alike 'mid joy, or woe,
Pursues his little schemes of gain,
With care, matures each worldly plan ;
One thought, too busy, to bestow,
Upon that bourne, beyond his ken.

In vain, he sees his palace rise ;
In vain, he sees his gardens bloom ;
In vain, he sees his coffers fill ;
Behold the spot ! where last he lies ;
Alas ! how narrow is the tomb !
How dark, that dwelling, and how still !

Come, tell me, why thy jetty hair,
Which now, so softly, shades thy brow,
In many a musk-diffusing fold,
That fairer, shows thy face so fair,
Thou bindest, sweetest ! Tell me now,
What costly treasure, does it hold ?

In purple robes, thy limbs array,
My moon of Canaan ! and arise⁸,
And, for a palace, leave thy cell ;
Low humbled, when proud Pharaoh lay,
His wisest then, how vainly wise !
Did Joseph, in his prison, dwell ?

Can monarchs, by the sword, obtain
Contentment sweet, that boon of heaven ?
Can tyrants, with their armies vast,
Acquire proud Freedom's mountain reign ?
Those bulwarks were, by Nature, given ;
To guard that blessing, to the last.

Then, Hafiz, quaff the ruby tide ;
Bid Woman crown thee, with her smiles ;
Be gay,—forget the frowns of age,
And let thy days, in rapture glide ;
To sophists leave their subtile wiles ;
But scorn not thou, the sacred page.

FROM HAFIZ.

IF Sheeraz' Beauty would receive
My heart, and bid my arms enfold
Her lily neck ; oh ! then believe,
More dear, her dimpled smile I'd hold,
Than Samarcand's, Bokhara's gold.

A stream so clear, with banks so fair,
As Rocknabad, can Eden show;
Or can its sweetest bowers compare
With rosy Mosellay's? Ah no!
Then, bring yon antidote to woe.

Yes! talk of singers, talk of wine,
Of the fair forms, that graceful flow,
Amid the dance's mazy twine;
Nor, on the future, care bestow,
Which sages know not,—nor can know.

Alas ! those fair, those thoughtless dames ;
That thro' Sheeraz, so wanton stray,
Poor Hafiz' heart have wrapt, in Lames ;
Remorseless, stolen his peace away,
As Tartars seize their helpless prey.

And sure, those darlings have no need
Of trophies, to enhance their charms ;
Why cruel then, make hearts to bleed ;
Could aught improve those snowy arms,
The conscious blush, their cheek, that warms ?

Oh ! I can fancy, how the soul
Of soft Zuleika, then was toss'd⁹,
Amid conflicting passions roll ;
When shame, and all she prized the most,
For Jacob's darling Boy, were lost.

Suspicious Maiden ! yield thy mind,
To borrow, from experience' store ;
Believe me, Sweet ! the young will find
Truth, in the hoary sage's lore,
And, with their years, will love it more.

That breath, which sweet smells of the South,
The roses, which its dews have wet,
Do bitter words become ? that mouth
Should shed but sweets—And must I yet,
Forgive thee ? would I could forget.

Hafiz ! that power, alone, is thine,
Like orient pearls, thy notes to string,
That, like the Pleiads, sweetly shine,
So clearly beautiful, they bring
The heart's response, on willing wing.

STANZAS.

LADY ! I little thought this withered heart
Could feel again the influence of Love's fire,
And all those tender feelings, which seem strewn
Like flowerets, in the path of young desire ;
Thine was the power, and thine the magic spell
To drag my spirit, from its hermit cell.

The lovely, the beloved spot, where thou
Dost breathe the pure air of this land, awhile,
Was once the abode of power, and fitly so,
If loveliest scenes have influence to beguile ;
But unto me, it hath a charm beyond,
To me 'tis hallowed, consecrated ground.

For there I saw thee first, and having seen,
Twas there I loved thee ;—so the passion wrought,
That these events were synchronous, and thence
Thou didst become sole subject of my thought,
The object, that did bound my mental sight,
My anguish, and my hope—my sorrow, my delight.

There thou dost dwell, and there too dwells my heart
Peopling it, in its dreams—nor can forget
That dear resemblance of a dearer face,
Fairer, than angel ere was painted yet,
Like Saint Cecilia, when in that rapt trance,
As wake the notes,—she heavenward casts her glance.

Beautiful tho' it be—thine auburn hair
Gemming, in ringlets, thy neck's ivory,
I gaze in vain, for thy bright beaming brow,
The brilliant softness of thy hazel eye,
The more than sweetness of thy lips so warm,
The grace, the symmetry of thy light form.

The slender flowers, which deck this flowery land,
Carpetting its surface of a varied hue,
Spring fresh, and airy, from thy buoyant tread,
So soft, it scarce disturbs on them the dew ;
Mounted on thy good steed, the tender fawn
Bounds not more graceful, o'er the spangled law.

They say that Love is pleasing—a soft flame,
That lambent plays, to light as 'twere the vase,
Ah ! they but little know what hearts can feel,
Such as mine is,—and as it ever was ;
Go read, where Manfred calls Astarte's shade,
And judge from thence, the ruin thou hast made.

I know not well what witchery thou hast used,
To rob me thus of all, that was most dear ;
Yet was, I do believe, thy purpose kind,
For thou wouldst rather shed, than cause a tear ;
Tho' hopeless be my love ; yet it shall be,
That loving thus I live,—more worthy thee.

My powers fall fast away,—but were they quick,
As they were, when my summers were more few,
I would have found it hard, to dwell apart,
From all I love,—but now a last adieu
Seems all that's left me, save the feeble trust,
Yet to be linked with thee,—even in the dust.

SONG.

WHAT ails this heart o' mine,
What ails this watery E'e
What gars me, aye turn cauld, as death,
When I take leave o' thee ?

What makes the hours o' day
Gae by, sae light, and free ;
Till hours, like minutes, fast flee by ;
Because they 're spent wi' thee ?

Why shuns sweet sleep these eyes,
The night seem long to me ?
I see thee, hear thee, but by day ;
At night, I meet not thee.

Yet, aft will sleepless fancy rife,
That power, like gifted E'e,
With scenes, which are, yet are not life,
Return, my Love ! to thee.

JOHN

THE

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

NOTES

TO THE

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.



NOTES

TO THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Note 1, Page 198, Line 3.

And shall not I one feeble line essay,
To save thy name, from dull oblivion's blight,
My more than Brother!

These stanzas were written, to the memory of my Brother, Lieutenant Charles Hutchinson, of the 42nd Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry; who died in Arracan, on the 14th of July, 1825, a few days after the capture of that province.

Note 2, Page 200, Line 5.

——— till there was heard no sound,
Nor prayer, nor volley,—o'er the soldier's grave,
To consecrate his bed,—beyond the Maio's wave.

I was given to understand, at the time, and I have since, had no reason to doubt the accuracy of the information, that

the sickness and mortality, among the troops, in Arracan, at the period in question, was so great, that it was deemed expedient to dispense with the customary military honors in burying the dead, with the view of obviating the disheartening, and distressing effect, which their observance would naturally have produced, on the sick.

Note 3, Page 207, Line 2.

Thy breath is sweeter, than the gale,
That's borne, o'er Irun's garden queen.

The Rose is celebrated, as the garden queen of Persia.

Note 4, Page 207, Line 4.

Thy voice is softer, than the tale,
The Bulbul sings to her, at e'en.

The Bulbul, it is no doubt generally known, is the Nightingale of the East. In India, the cages of these birds are generally covered over with calico, colored or plain, but generally I think blue ; why they are kept, in this darkened captivity, I know not ; perhaps the subdued light, thus occasioned, is more congenial to them, and induces them, more freely, to pour forth their rich, and mellow notes.

Note 5, Page 207, Line 5.

Thy lip is redder than his blushing bride.

The Rose is fabled, by the Persian poets, as the bride of the Bulbul or Nightingale.

Note 6, Page 212, Line 2.

What fairy dwelling bursts, upon my sight,
Embower'd, amid its groves of richest hue.

The sonnet, of which these lines constitute a portion, was addressed to Newlands, long the country residence of the Governors of the Cape of Good Hope. It is one of the most beautiful spots, in that colony; but is now the property of a private individual, and has comparatively fallen, from its high estate.

Note 7, Page 212, Line 8.

Crowned with its cloudy cap, with ceaseless mock,
That braves the southern gale.

The meteorological phenomenon here attempted to be described, is almost the invariable concomitant of a South-

easter, at the Cape. On such occasions, the top of Table mountain is shrouded, in a tiara of murky gloom, and vapour. At other times, a beautiful light film or white cloud will settle, on the flat top of the mountain ; while there is scarcely another speck to be seen, in the sky ; this singular appearance is characterised, by the colonists, as “the spreading of the table-cloth.” The whole of the phenomena, connected with this subject, are, in my opinion deserving of farther philosophical investigation, than has yet been bestowed on them.

Note 8, Page 220, Line 8.

In purple robes, thy limbs array,
My moon of Canaan ! and arise.

Under the name of the moon of Canaan, I believe, the Mohummudans characterise the Patriarch Joseph. In the present instance, it is supposed, I believe, that the poet, under this simile or device, addresses the remainder of the wine, in the flask, before him ; this of course appears sin-

gular to us, who are comparatively unacquainted, with the allegorical style of writing, not uncommon however, among the poets of the East. The Song of Solomon is probably an illustration of this style of composition, and is of course familiar to all.

Note 9, Page 225, Line 2.

Oh! I can fancy, how the soul
Of soft Zuleika, then was toss'd.

Zuleika is the name given, in the Korán, to Potiphar's wife. Her love for Jeseeph is recorded, at considerable length in that work, and forms the subject of several beautiful poems, by different Eastern writers.

THE END.

